

WAR and PEACE

The Graphic Novel



Alexandr Poltorak • Dmitry Chukhrai • Leo Tolstoy

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Adapted by Alexandr Poltorak

Illustrated by Dmitry Chukhrai



Andrews McMeel
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Authors' Note

Though regarded as a classic today, Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace* was considered experimental in its time and Tolstoy himself didn't even consider the work a novel. Tolstoy was an admirer of all things new, modern, or unusual. He was a regular at the first cinema and learned to ride a bicycle at the age of sixty-seven. He was fond of photography and listened to music on his gramophone, an innovative new technology at the time, gifted to him by Thomas Edison. *War and Peace* is one of our favorite books, and when we set out to adapt it as a graphic novel—a completely different genre and form—we humbly hoped that Tolstoy would not have minded our modern interpretation of his great work.

Working on this adaptation, we spent several years immersed in the world of Russia in the early nineteenth century. Whenever possible, we based our visuals on the images of real people, objects, and buildings typical for that period, though we occasionally took liberties with historical truth for the sake of balance and modernization. We hope the essence and spirit of this masterpiece remain and that you enjoy our vision of Tolstoy's classic.

War and Peace is primarily a humanistic novel. War in Tolstoy's work is presented as an absolute evil for which there cannot be any justification.

Tolstoy is not only a world-famous novelist but also a humanist philosopher. He believed that his main contributions to the world were not the novels *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, which brought him renown, but his philosophical humanistic works on “nonresistance to evil by violence” and the children's alphabet.

Tolstoy wrote: “Do not be angry, nonresistance to evil by violence—all this is not a distant evangelical ideal, which is worth striving for, but an obligatory rule of human society.” In 1901, Tolstoy was excommunicated from the Russian Orthodox Church for his open opposition to the Church's official dogmas, which allowed for an interpretation that was used to condone violence and war. Tolstoy considered it unacceptable to justify or, even more so, to start a war—he believed that by waging war you let true evil into the world. A person cannot love the works of Tolstoy and justify any kind of violence—they either lie or do not understand the meaning behind the words.



Foreword

In 2021 the world celebrated the 155th anniversary of Leo Tolstoy's famous novel, *War and Peace*. The author himself described the seven years it took to complete the novel as "years of incessant and exceptional work." The first part of *War and Peace* was initially serialized in 1865–1866, but there exist up to fifteen versions of the novel's beginning, and several scenes have been rewritten over twenty times. The novel has been translated into more than fifty languages and it is acknowledged as one of the greatest landmark works of European literature. *War and Peace* depicts one of the crucial turning points in Russian and European history. The characters, living in the golden age of the Russian aristocracy, are ensnared in a storm of global turmoil; the fates of the individuals caught in the winds of historical change intertwine to create the extraordinary canvas of *War and Peace* that remains relevant today. Leo Tolstoy's novel didn't end up among the dusty volumes of the classics: it remains captivating and beloved by modern readers. It's no wonder that it continues to attract and inspire artists and directors alike and is continually reincarnated in all kinds of artistic genres.

There are several screen adaptations of the novel, but until now no one has produced a large-scale, high-quality graphic novel based on *War and Peace*. This graphic novel by Dmitry Chukhrai and Alexandr Poltorak is a new and unique work in this genre that renders the essence of Tolstoy's great

epic novel with impressive subtlety. The complex graphics mimic the style of nineteenth-century Russian painting and the authors' attention to the smallest details is captivating. This is an elaborate and self-contained work of art that succeeds in conveying the philosophy, the spirit, and the essential plot of this outstanding book. *War and Peace* by Dmitry Chukhrai and Alexandr Poltorak reinterprets for a modern audience the extraordinary world of Tolstoy's characters and the historic upheavals that dramatically changed their fates as well as those of their country.

Tatyana Krasnova
Director of the Moscow
Central Library System



Introduction

Alexandr Poltorak and Dmitry Chukhrai initially presented their concept for a graphic novel based on Tolstoy's epic *War and Peace* in 2017 at the Central Leo Tolstoy Library in Moscow. The library's board of directors found the idea extremely interesting but considered the project impossible to realize. The authors were undeterred and continued developing the project, all the while staying in touch with the library. The board still found it rather improbable that an idea this ambitious could ever be executed until in 2019, when the authors organized an exhibition to present the first thirty pages of their adaptation. The audience, including Tolstoy scholars and journalists, was very much impressed.

Naturally, a graphic novel cannot incorporate the entire plot of the original—it would have been impossible. There are over 550 characters in *War and Peace*, so their images alone would have taken about a hundred pages. Still, the authors have put a lot of effort into adapting the novel to the genre. The main plot has been accurately identified and rendered; the spirit and the atmosphere of the original have been aptly recreated and reproduced; and a select number of compelling secondary plotlines are depicted as well. The graphics are so subtly stylized to the époque that this graphic adaptation of *War and Peace* comes to life from the very first pages.



The authors' thorough approach to their adaptation is highly commendable. Not only are the characters well-developed, but they also bear resemblance to the real-life prototypes who inspired Tolstoy's original work. Natásha Rostóva's character design recalls the Bers sisters (Sophia and Tatyana), who inspired the character, while Pierre Bezúkov looks like the real historical figure of Count Bezborodko. The mansions of the nobility of the time are rendered quite accurately. A considerable number of details, however small and seemingly insignificant, are adapted directly from the text. Although the authors explicitly state that they don't claim complete historical credibility, their extensive and thorough work, which shows infinite respect for Tolstoy's writing and a sincere desire to recreate its world and its era, is undeniable.

If you have never read Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, this graphic novel will give you an insight into its atmosphere and major plotlines. Those who are familiar with the great Russian writer's work will thoroughly enjoy the images that come to life in this high-quality visual medium and will enjoy being once more immersed in the world of the literary epic, and the connoisseurs of Tolstoy's oeuvre will appreciate its finer, fascinating details.

Rosa Gabitova
Head of the Moscow Central
Leo Tolstoy Library



WAR and PEACE

Part 1



Pierre Bezúkhov and
Princess Anna Drubetskáya near
Count Bezúkhov's mansion.

Cast of Characters



Pierre Bezúkhov



Prince*
Andrew Bolkónski



Natásha
Rostóva



Prince
Vasíli Kurágin



Prince
Anatole Kurágin



Princess
Hélène Kurágina



Borís Drubetskóy



Princess**
Anna Drubetskáya



Princess
Lise Bolkónskaya

* In the nineteenth century in the Russian Empire, the titles Prince and Princess did not mean that a person was an heir to the monarch, but that they were very high nobility. The heirs of the monarch (the Emperor) bore the titles Grand Prince or Grand Princess.

Cast of Characters



Count
Ilyá Rostóv



Peter Nikoláevich
(Shinshin)



Lieutenant Berg



Márya Dmítrievna
Akhrosímova



Princess
Mary Bolkónskaya



Countess Rostóva



Prince Nicholas
Andréevich Bolkónski



Sonya,
the Rostóvs' cousin



Véra Rostóva

** Russian surnames are often gendered, with different suffixes such as "ov" and "ova" or "skiy" and "skaya" for men and women.

Cast of Characters



Nicholas
Rostov



Princess Catherine Semënovna
Mámontov (Catiche)



Scout Kozlówski



Field Officer
Nesvítski



Commander in Chief
Kutúzov



Cornet Zherkóv



Diplomatist



Captain Túshin



Junker
Nikolai Rostov

Cast of Characters



Auntie



Anna Pávlovna
Schérer



Captain Denísov



Guards Officer
Dólokhov



Prince Bagration



Platón Karatáev



Emperor
Alexander I



Mason
Count Willarski



Alpátych

A high-society soiree. Pierre Bezúkhov—the illegitimate son of Count Bezúkhov, a well-known grandee of Catherine the Great's time, who now lies dying in Moscow—entered.



Anna Pávlovna greeted him with the nod she accorded to those lowest in the hierarchy in her drawing room.



It is very good of you, Monsieur Pierre, to come and visit a poor invalid.

Educate this bear for me! He has been staying with me a whole month and this is the first time I have seen him in society. Nothing is so necessary for a young man as the company of clever women.



It is only necessary for one powerful nation like Russia—barbaric as she is said to be—to place herself disinterestedly at the head of an alliance having for its object the maintenance of the balance of power of Europe, and it would save the world!

But how are you to get that balance?



This alarming young man is talking too loudly and vehemently...



This unfortunate fête at the ambassador's deprives me of a pleasure, and obliges me to interrupt you. I am very sorry to leave your enchanting party.

How about my son Borís, Prince?



I can't remain any longer in Petersburg. Tell me what news I may take back to my poor boy.

What would it cost you to say a word to the Emperor, and then he would be transferred to the guards at once?



Believe me, Princess, I am ready to do all I can, but it is difficult for me to ask the Emperor. I should advise you to appeal to Rummyantsev through Prince Golitsyn: that would be the best way.



These nobles, having once made up their minds, will not rest until they have gained their end, and are prepared if necessary to go on insisting day after day and hour after hour, and even to make scenes...



Papa, we shall be late...

Well, au revoir! You hear her?

Then tomorrow you will speak to the Emperor?

Certainly; but about Kutúzov, I don't promise.

No, but do promise, Vasili!

Anna Pávlovna's reception was in full swing. The spindles hummed steadily and ceaselessly on all sides. With the exception of the aunt, beside whom sat only one elderly lady, who with her thin, careworn face was rather out of place in this brilliant society, the whole company had settled into three groups. One, with most of the men, had formed around the abbé. Another, of young people, was grouped around the beautiful Princess Hélène, Prince Vasíli's daughter, and the little Princess Bolkónskaya, very pretty and rosy, though rather too plump for her age. The third group was gathered around Mortemart and Anna Pávlovna.

Do you know the Abbé Morio? He is a most interesting man...

Yes, I have heard of his scheme for perpetual peace, and it is very compelling but hardly feasible...

You think so...?

We will talk of it later.







Prince Andrew, who evidently wished to tone down the awkwardness of Pierre's remarks, rose and made a sign to his wife that it was time to go.



Pierre, reaching the house first, went into Prince Andrew's study, quite like the one he had at home, and from habit took from the shelf the first book that came to his hand—Caesar's *Commentaries*—lay down on the sofa, and, resting on his elbow, began reading it from the middle.



What have you done to Mlle. Schérer?



She will be quite ill now.



That abbé is very interesting, but he does not see the thing in the right light...



One can't always say all one thinks, mon cher.

Are you going to be a guardsman or a diplomatist?

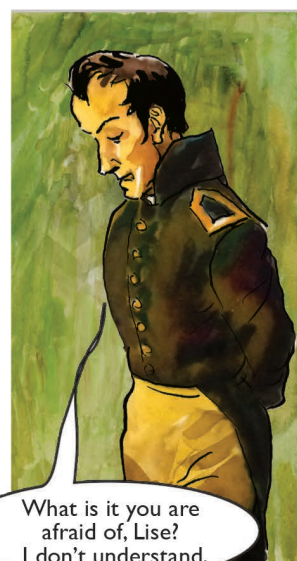
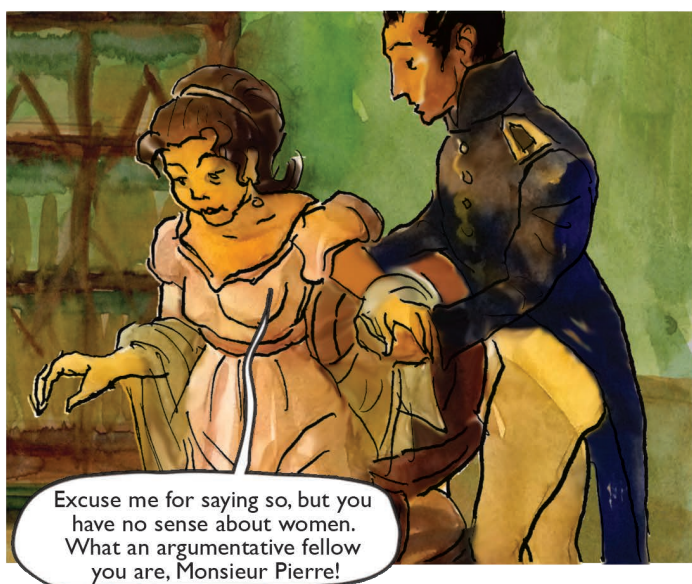


Really, I don't yet know. I don't like either one.

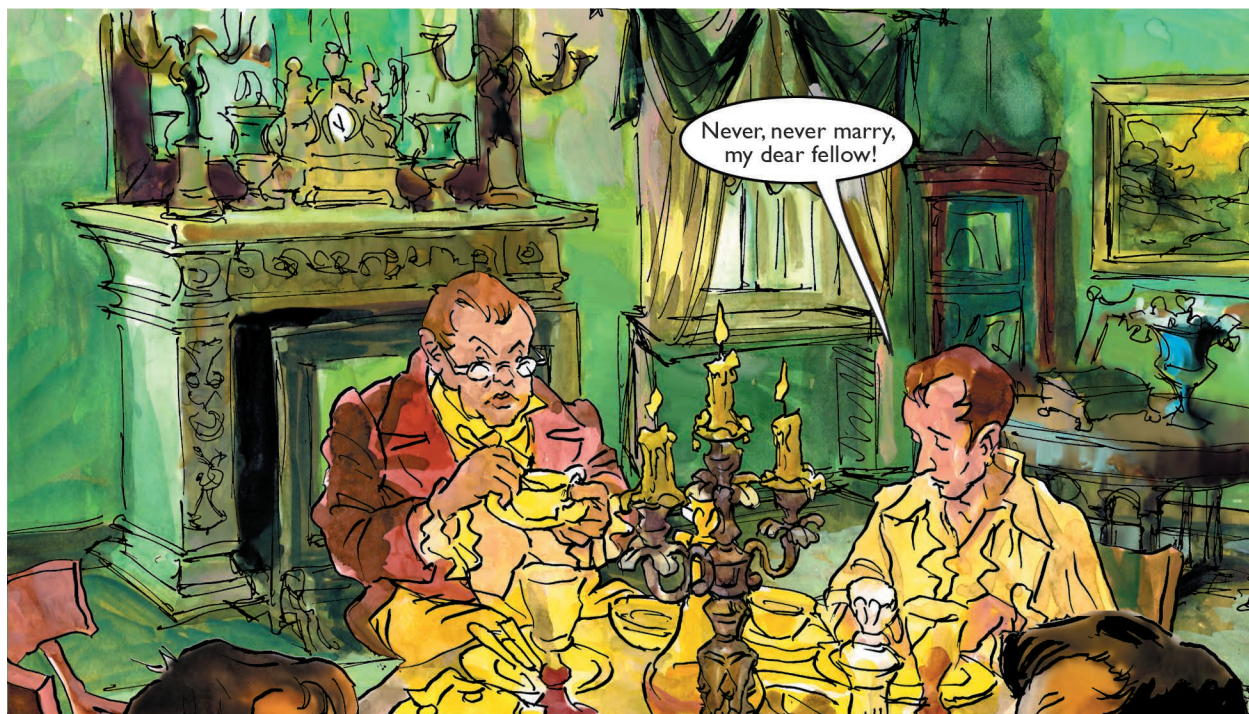


Well, why are you going to the war?

I am going because the life I am leading here does not suit me!







Never, never marry,
my dear fellow!

Marry when you are old and good for nothing—
or all that is good and noble in you will be lost.
It will all be wasted on trifles.

Yes! Yes! Yes!



?!



Don't look at me
with such surprise.
You talk of Buonaparte.
He was free; he had nothing but
his aim to consider.
And he reached it!

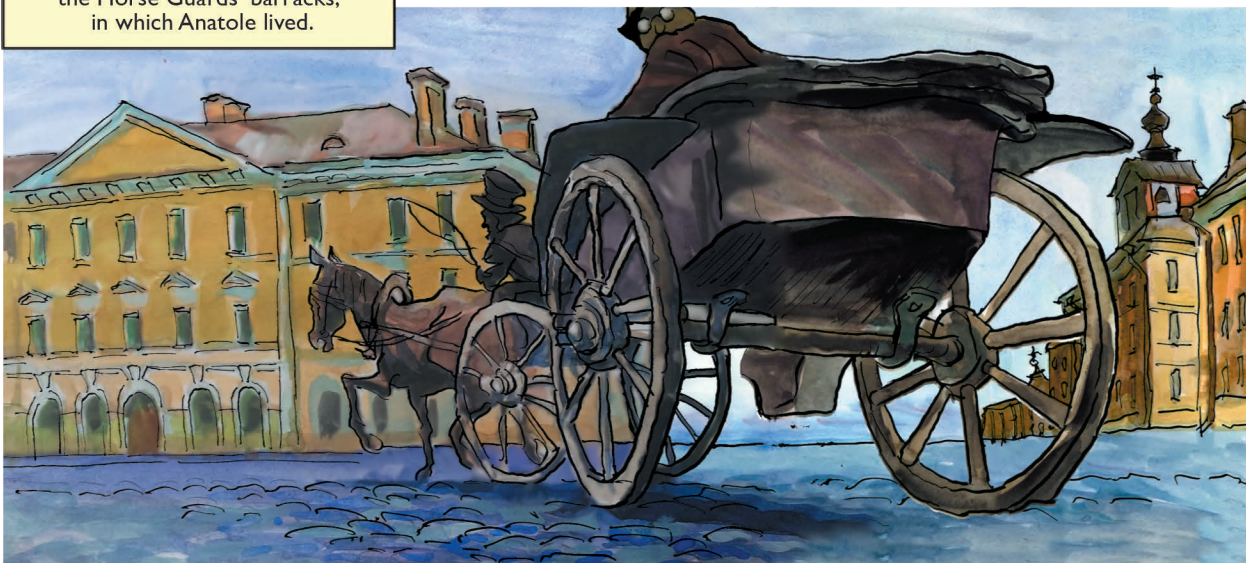
Give up visiting those Kurágin.
It suits you so badly—all this debauchery,
dissipation, and the rest of it! You give me
your word of honor not to go?

On my honor!





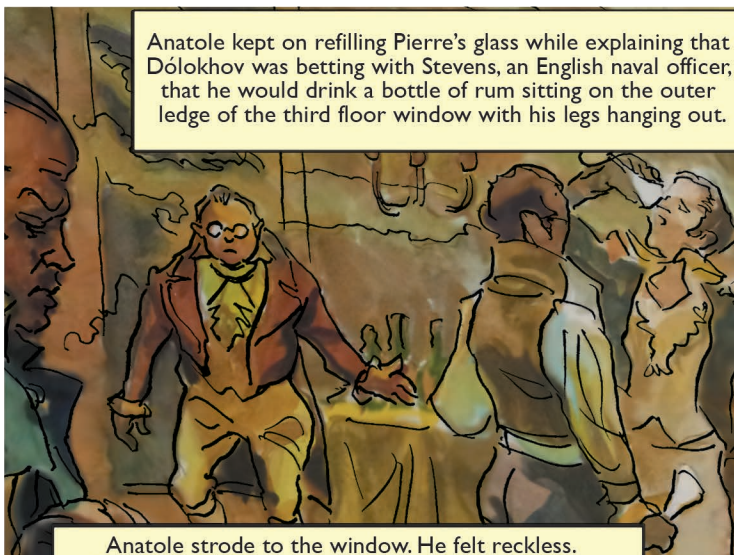
The large house near the Horse Guards' barracks, in which Anatole lived.



There was a smell of alcohol, and sounds of voices and shouting in the distance.



Anatole kept on refilling Pierre's glass while explaining that Dólokhov was betting with Stevens, an English naval officer, that he would drink a bottle of rum sitting on the outer ledge of the third floor window with his legs hanging out.



Anatole strode to the window. He felt reckless. Pushing away the footman, he tugged at the frame but could not move it. So he smashed a pane.



Go on, you must drink it all or I won't let you go!





Wait a bit, Kurágin.
Listen! If anyone else does the same,
I will pay him a hundred imperials.
Do you understand?



Very well...



It's empty.



Well done!

Fine fellow!

There's a
bet for you!

Devil take you!



Even without a bet, there! Tell them to bring me a bottle. I'll do it... Bring a bottle!

I'll drink it!
Let's have a bottle of rum!



You go giddy even on a staircase.



Come on then!
Come on! And we'll
take Bruin with us...



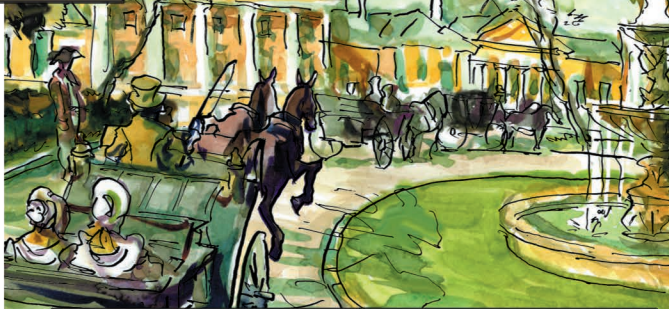
Listen!
I'll take your bet tomorrow,
but now we are all
going to —'s.



Prince Vasíli kept the promise he made to Princess Drubetskáya, who appealed to him on behalf of her only son, "Boris," on the evening of Anna Pávlovna's soiree. The matter was mentioned to the Emperor, an exception made, and Boris transferred into the regiment of Semënov Guards with the rank of cornet.



I am very, very grateful to you, mes chers. I thank you for myself and for our two dear ones whose name day we are celebrating. But, mind you, come to dinner!



It was St. Natalia's day and the name day of two of the Rostóvs—the mother and the youngest daughter—both named Nataly. Ever since the morning, carriages with six horses had been coming and going, bringing visitors to the Countess Rostóva's big house on the Povarskáya, so well known to all of Moscow.



Márya Lvóvna Karágina and her daughter visited Count Rostóv, who called everyone without exception and without the slightest variation in his tone "my dear," whether they were above or below him in rank.



Ah, here she is! My pet, whose name day it is. My dear pet!



How do you do, my dear? I wish you many happy returns of your name day. What a charming child.



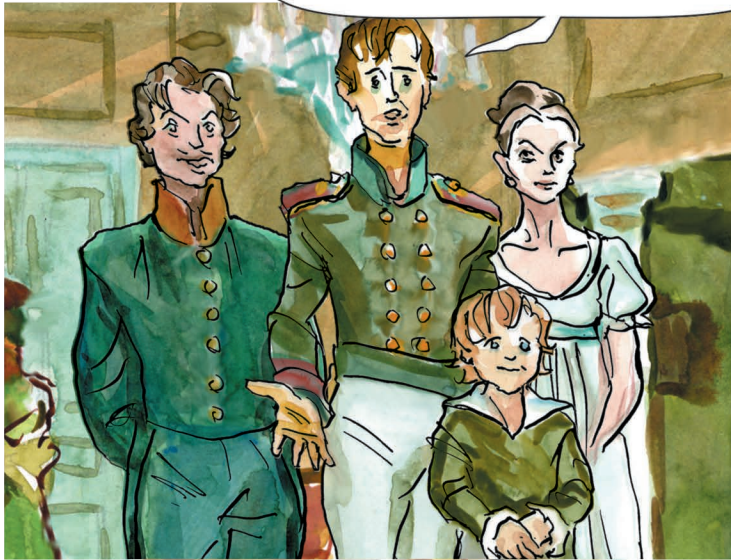
Do you see?... My doll...Mimi...You see...



Now then, go away and take your monstrosity with you. She is my youngest girl.

Tell me, my dear, is Mimi a relation of yours? A daughter, I suppose?

I knew that doll Mimi when she was still quite a young lady, before her nose was broken; she aged during the five years I have known her, and her head had cracked right across the skull.





In the large marble dining hall, where tables had been set out for eighty people, Count Rostóv looked at the footmen, who were bringing in silver and china, moving tables, and unfolding damask table linen. While looking with pleasure at his enormous table, he called to Dmítri Vasílevich, a man of good family and the manager of all his affairs.

Well, Dmítri, you'll see that things are all as they should be. That's right! The great thing is the serving, that's it.

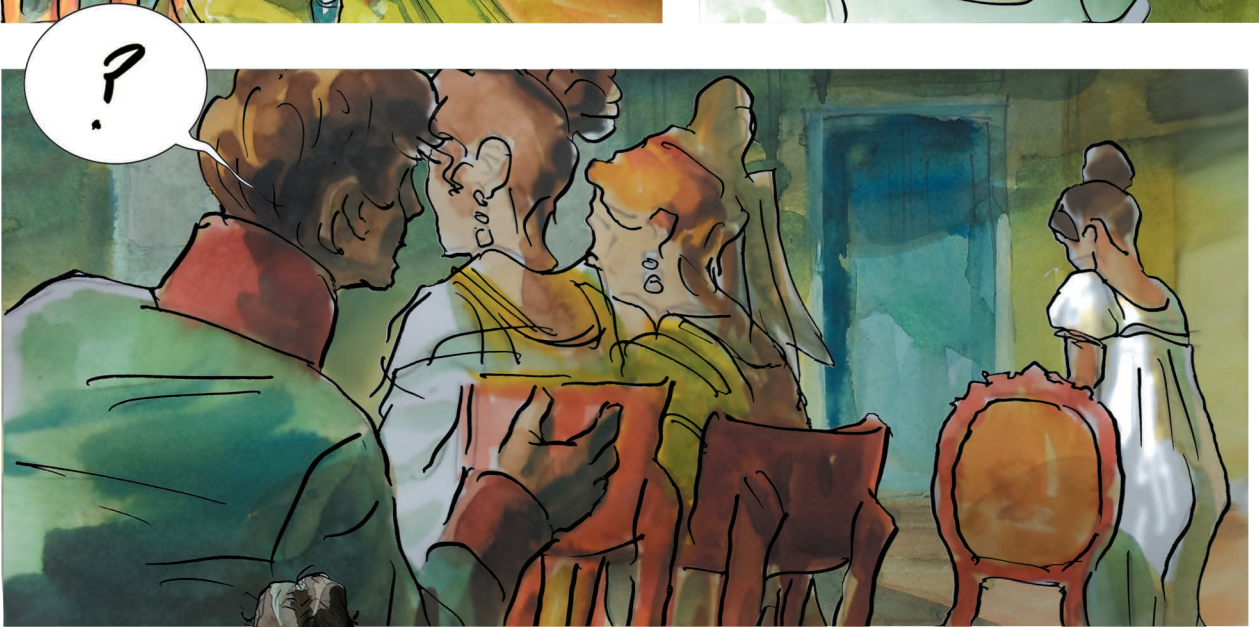
You were meaning to go out, weren't you, Mamma? Do you want the carriage?



Yes, yes, go and tell them to get it ready.





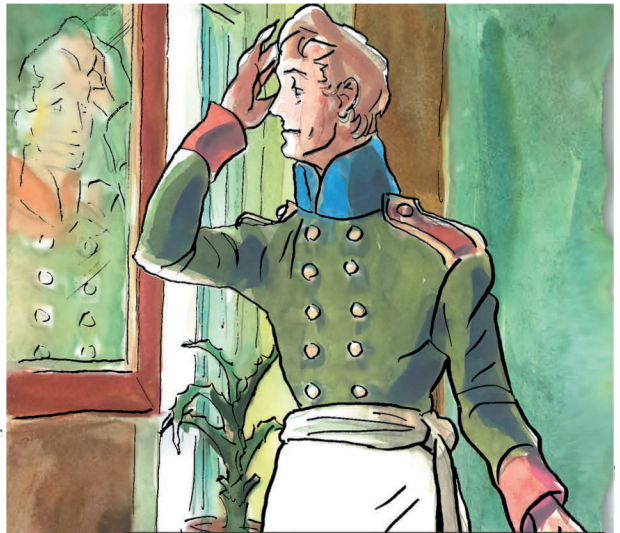




Where is she?



Let him look for me.



He stood a little while before the glass, smiled, and walked toward the other door.



Sónya, what is the matter with you? How can you—

Ah, I know what it is.

Só-o-nya! Look here! How can you torture me and yourself like that, for a mere fancy?



Sónya! What is anyone in the world to me? You alone are everything! And I will prove it to you.

I don't like you to talk like that.



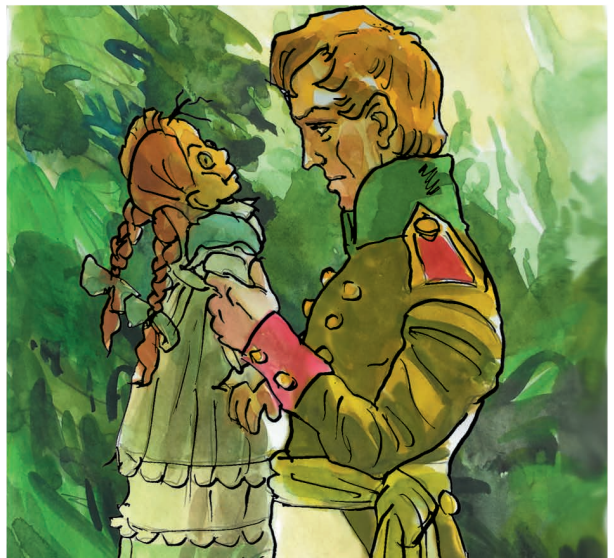
It's nothing, nothing; leave me alone!

Well, if you do, so much the better, and you can go back to her!

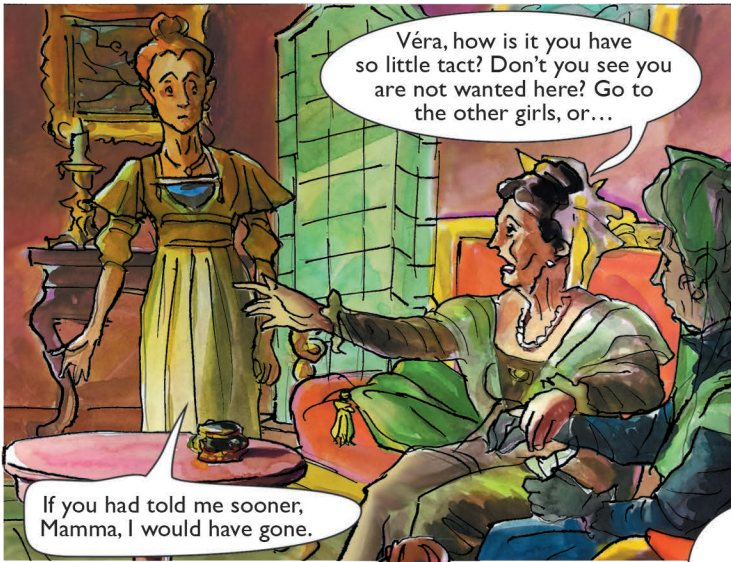
Well, then, I won't; only forgive me, Sónya!



Oh, how nice!









And at your age, what secrets can there be between Natásha and Boris, or between you two? It's all nonsense!

Now, Véra, what does it matter to you?



Very silly. I am ashamed of you. Secrets indeed!

All have secrets of their own. We don't interfere with you and Berg.



I should think not, because there can never be anything wrong with my behavior. But I'll just tell Mamma how you are behaving with Boris.

Natálya Ilyníchna behaves very well with me. I have nothing to complain of.



Well, now you've done what you wanted, said unpleasant things to everyone and upset them. Let's go to the nursery.



The unpleasant things were said to me, I said none to anyone.

Madame de Genlis!
Madame de Genlis!

Madame de Genlis!



The handsome Véra, who produced such an irritating and unpleasant effect on everyone, smiled and, evidently unmoved by what had been said to her, went to the looking glass and arranged her hair and scarf. Looking at her own handsome face, she seemed to become colder and calmer.





To Prince Vasíli. He was so kind. He at once agreed to everything and put the matter before the Emperor.



He is just the same as ever, overflowing with amiability.



Would you believe it, I have literally not a penny. I need five hundred rubles, and have only one twenty-five ruble note. My only hope now is in Count Cyril Vladimirovich Bezúkhov. If he will not assist his godson—you know he is Bóry's godfather—and allow him something for his maintenance, all my trouble will have been for nothing.... I shall not be able to equip him.

Are you going to Count Cyril Vladimirovich, my dear? If he is better, ask Pierre to dine with us. He has been to the house, you know, and danced with the children. Be sure to invite him, ma chere.



My dear Boris, Count Cyril Vladimirovich is your godfather after all, and your future depends on him. Remember that, my dear, and be nice to him, as you so well know how to be.



If only I knew that anything besides humiliation would come of it... But I have promised and will do it for your sake.



We may as well go back.

My dear!

My friend, I know Count Cyril Vladimirovich is very ill...that's why I have come... I am a relation. I shall not disturb him, my friend... I only need see Prince Vasili Sergéevich. He is staying here, is he not? Please announce me.



Princess Drubetskáya to see Prince Vasili Sergéevich!



My dear, you promised me!

Prince, humanum est errare (to err is human), but...

Very well, very well...



Then it is certain?





Ah, Prince!
In what sad circumstances we meet again!
And how is our dear invalid?



Prince Vasili answered her query
by a movement of the head and lips indicating
very little hope for the patient.



Is it possible?
Oh, how awful!
It is terrible
to think...



This is my son.
He wanted to thank
you himself.

I am glad I was able
to do you a service, my dear.

Believe me,
Prince, a mother's heart
will never forget what
you have done for us.

That is, with
Ilyá Rostóv who married
Nataly Shinshíná.



Are you living
with your mother?

I am living
at Countess Rostóva's,
Your Excellency.

I never could
understand how Nataly made up
her mind to marry
that unlicked bear!



Ah, my dear, I hardly knew you. I have come and am at your service to help you nurse my uncle. I can't imagine what you have gone through.





Boris, I shall go in to see the count, my uncle; but you, my dear, had better go to Pierre, meanwhile, and don't forget to give him the Rostóvs' invitation. They've asked him to dinner. I suppose he won't go?



On the contrary, I shall be only too glad if you relieve me of that young man...

A footman led Boris down one flight of stairs and up another, to Pierre's rooms.



England is done for. Mr. Pitt, as a traitor to the nation and to the rights of man, is sentenced to...



Borís found Pierre, who had been pretending to be Napoleon capturing London after completing the dangerous crossing of the Straights of Dover.



Do you remember me?
I have come with my mother
to see the count, but it seems
he is not well.



Yes,
it seems he is ill.
People are always
disturbing him.



Count Rostóv
asks you
to come to dinner today.



Ah, Count Rostóv!
Then you are his son, Ilyá?
Only fancy, I didn't know you at first.
Do you remember how
we went to the Sparrow Hills
with Madame Jacquot?...



You are mistaken.
I am Borís, son of Princess Anna Mikháylovna
Drubetskáya. I never knew any
Madame Jacquot.



Oh dear, what am I thinking about? I've mixed everything up. One has so many relatives in Moscow! So you are Boris? Of course. Well, now we know where we are. And what do you think of the Boulogne expedition? The English will come off badly, you know, if Napoleon gets across the Channel. I think the expedition is quite feasible. If only Villeneuve doesn't make a mess of things!



I know nothing about it and have not thought about it. Moscow is chiefly busy with gossip. Just now they are talking about you and your father.



Everybody is wondering to whom the count will leave his fortune, though he may perhaps outlive us all, as I sincerely hope he will...



Yes, it is all very horrid, very horrid.



So it does ...

And it must seem to you that everyone is trying to get something out of the rich man?



But I just wish to say, to avoid misunderstandings, that you are quite mistaken if you reckon me or my mother among such people. We are very poor, but for my own part at any rate, for the very reason that your father is rich, I don't regard myself as a relation of his, and neither I nor my mother would ever ask or take anything from him.



Well, this is strange! Do you suppose I... Who could think?... I know very well...



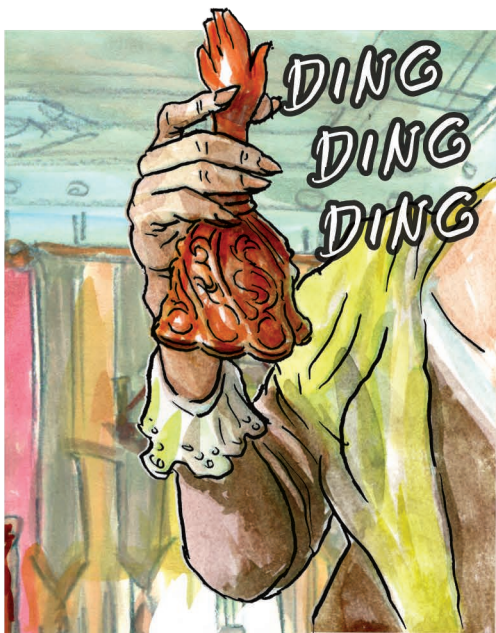
I am glad I have spoken out fully. Perhaps you did not like it? You must excuse me, but I hope I have not offended you. I always make it a rule to speak out... Well, what answer am I to take? Will you come to dinner at the Rostóvs'?



And so you think Napoleon will manage to get an army across?

No, but I say, you are a wonderful fellow! Of course you don't know me. We have not met for such a long time... Not since we were children... I hope we'll get better acquainted. Do you know, I have not once been in to see the count. He has not sent for me...

A footman came in to summon Boris — the princess was leaving.





This is what I want, my dear fellow.
Bring me...yes, bring me 700 rubles, yes!
But mind, don't bring me such tattered and dirty notes as
last time, but nice clean ones for the countess.



You, my little countess,
are a notorious
spendthrift.



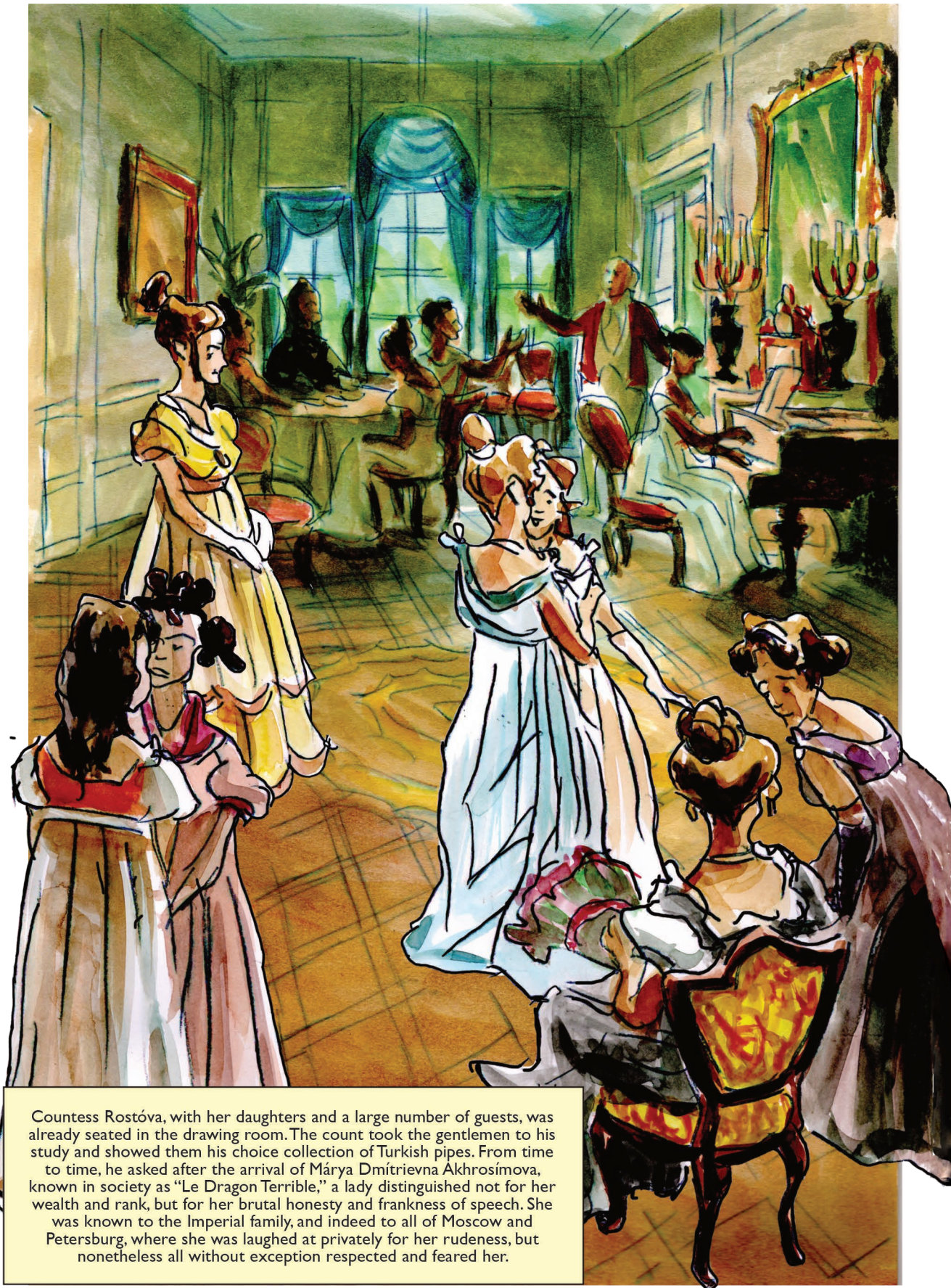
Oh, what a terrible state
he is in! One would not know him,
he is so ill! I was only there a few
moments and hardly said a word...



Annette, for heaven's
sake, don't
refuse me...

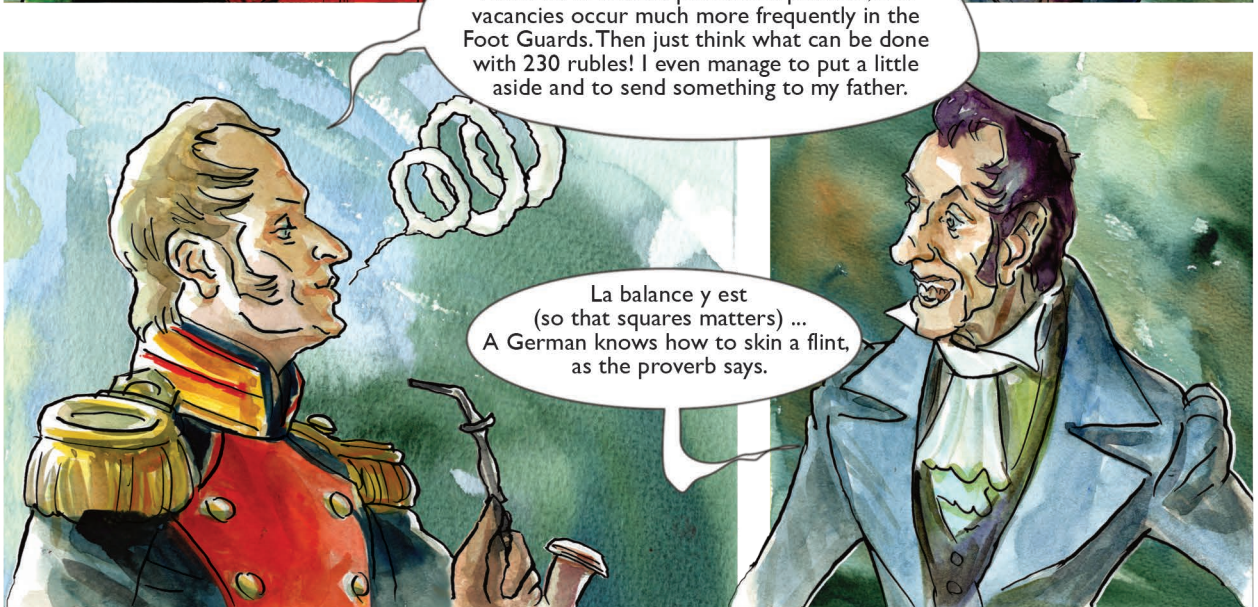
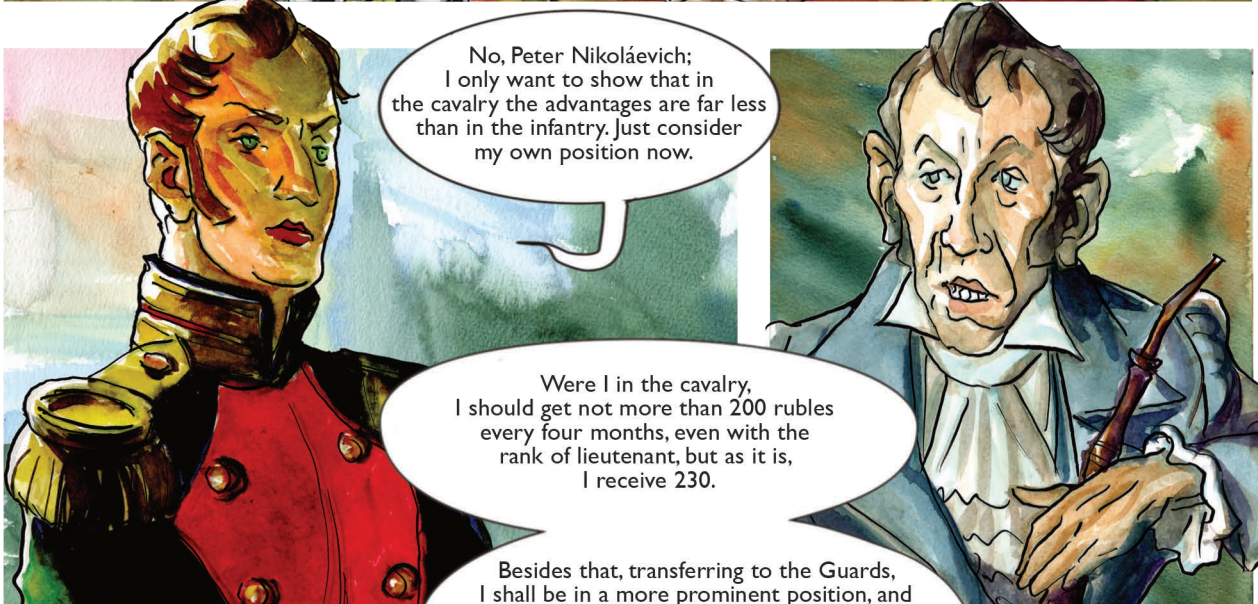


This is for Borís
from me, for his outfit.



Countess Rostóva, with her daughters and a large number of guests, was already seated in the drawing room. The count took the gentlemen to his study and showed them his choice collection of Turkish pipes. From time to time, he asked after the arrival of Márya Dmítrievna Akhrosímova, known in society as "Le Dragon Terrible," a lady distinguished not for her wealth and rank, but for her brutal honesty and frankness of speech. She was known to the Imperial family, and indeed to all of Moscow and Petersburg, where she was laughed at privately for her rudeness, but nonetheless all without exception respected and feared her.







Well, my boy,
you'll get along
wherever you go—foot
or horse—that
I'll warrant.

Most of the guests, having heard about the affair with the drunken bear at Kurágin's, looked with curiosity at this big, stout, quiet man, wondering how such an unassuming fellow could have played that kind of prank on a policeman.



You have
only just arrived?

Oui,
madame.

You have not yet
seen my husband?

Non, madame.

You have
been in Paris recently,
I believe? I suppose it's
very interesting.

Very interesting.





It was charming...

Countess Apráksina...

The Razumóvskis...

You are very kind...

Márya Dmítrievna?

Herself!

Well, you old sinner, you're feeling dull in Moscow, I daresay? Nowhere to hunt with your dogs? But what is to be done, old man? Just see how these nestlings are growing up.



Well, how's my Cossack? I know she's a scamp of a girl, but I like her.



She took a pair of pear-shaped ruby earrings from her huge reticule and gave them to the rosy Natásha, who beamed with the pleasure of her saint's day fête.



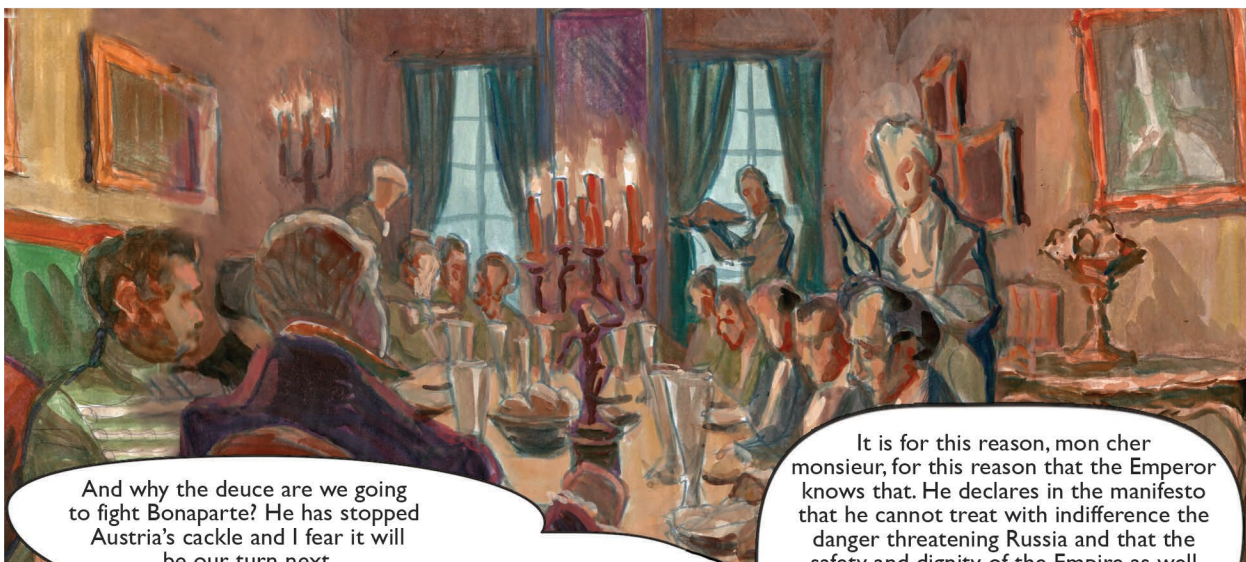
Eh, eh, friend! Come here a bit! Come here, my friend...



A fine lad! My word! A fine lad! His father lies on his deathbed and he amuses himself setting a policeman astride a bear! For shame, sir, for shame! It would be better if you went to the war.



Well, I suppose it is time we were at the table?



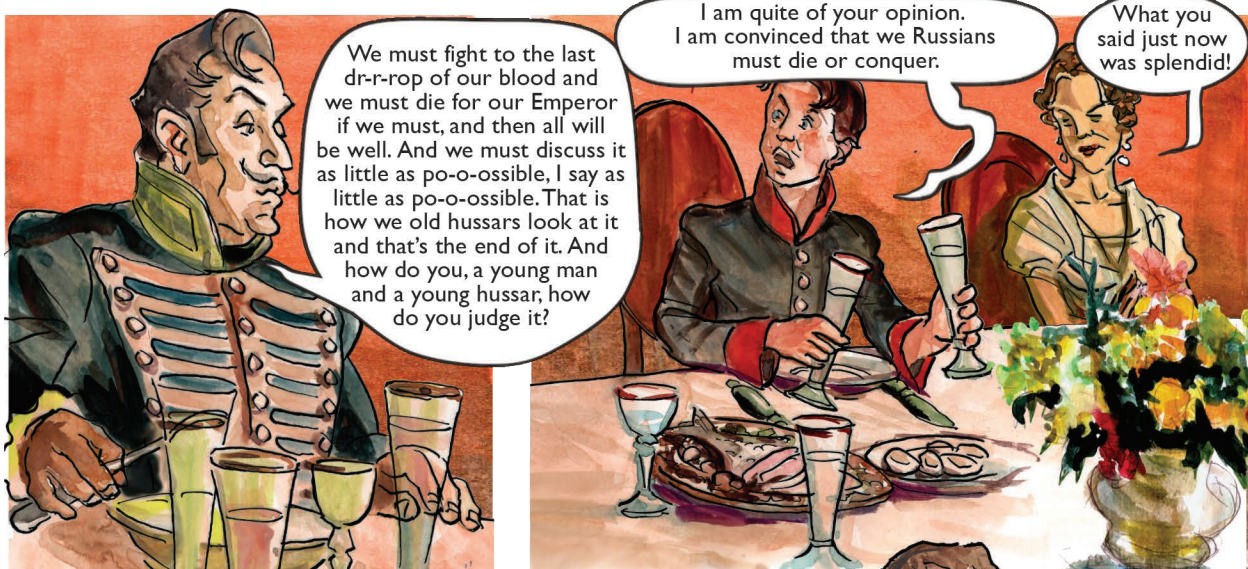
And why the deuce are we going to fight Bonaparte? He has stopped Austria's cackle and I fear it will be our turn next.

It is for this reason, mon cher monsieur, for this reason that the Emperor knows that. He declares in the manifesto that he cannot treat with indifference the danger threatening Russia and that the safety and dignity of the Empire as well as the sanctity of its alliances...



Connaissez-vous le proverb: "Jerome, Jerome, do not roam, but turn spindles at home?" That suits us down to the ground. Suvórov now—he knew what he was about—yet they beat him. And where are we to find Suvórovs now? Je vous demande un peu!

That, mon cher monsieur, is why...







Natasha calmed down only when she was told that there would be a pineapple ice cream.







Nicholas is going away in a week's time, his... papers... have come... he told me himself... but still I should not cry, but you can't... no one can understand... what a soul he has!

Sónya, I'm sure Véra has said something to you since dinner? Hasn't she?

Yes, these verses Nicholas wrote himself and I copied some others, and she found them on my table and said she'd show them to Mamma, and that I was ungrateful, and that Mamma would never allow him to marry me, but that he'll marry Julie. You see how he's been with her all day... Natásha, what have I done to deserve it?...



Sónya, don't believe her, darling! Don't believe her!

Uncle Shinshin's brother married his first cousin and we are only second cousins with Nicholas, you know. And Boris says it is quite possible. You know I have told him all about it. And he is so clever and so good! Don't you cry, Sónya, dear love, darling Sónya!

Véra's spiteful; never mind her! And all will be all right and she won't say anything to Mamma. Nicholas will tell her himself, and he doesn't care at all for Julie.



Do you think so?... Really? Truly?



Really, truly!

Do you know, that fat Pierre who sat opposite me is so funny! I feel so happy!



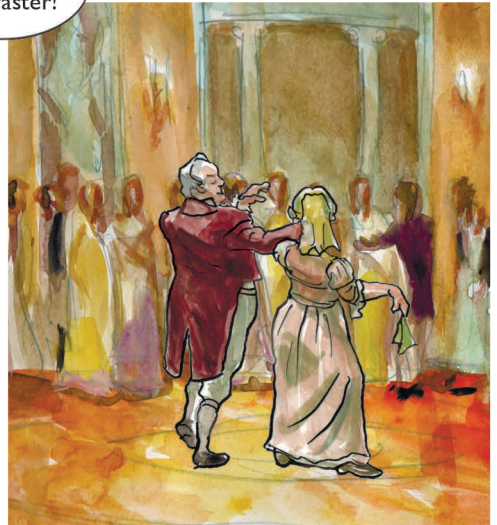
Well, let's go and sing "The Brook."

Come along!



Natasha was perfectly happy; she was dancing with a grown-up man who had been abroad. She was sitting in a conspicuous place and talking to him like a grown-up lady. She had a fan in her hand that one of the ladies had given her to hold...







Count Bezúkhov had a sixth stroke. The doctors pronounced recovery impossible. After a mute confession, communion was administered to the dying man, and preparations were made for the sacrament of unction. The house was full of suspense as the count received his last rites.



Prince Vasíli, who had grown thinner and paler during the last few days, escorted the military governor to the door, repeating something to him several times in low tones.



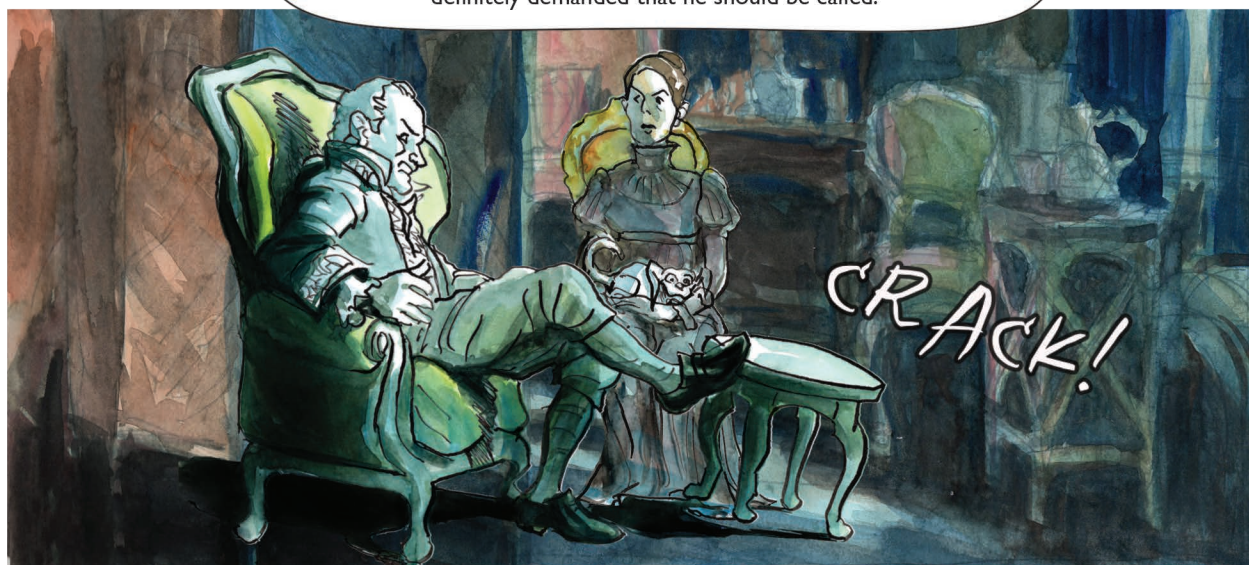
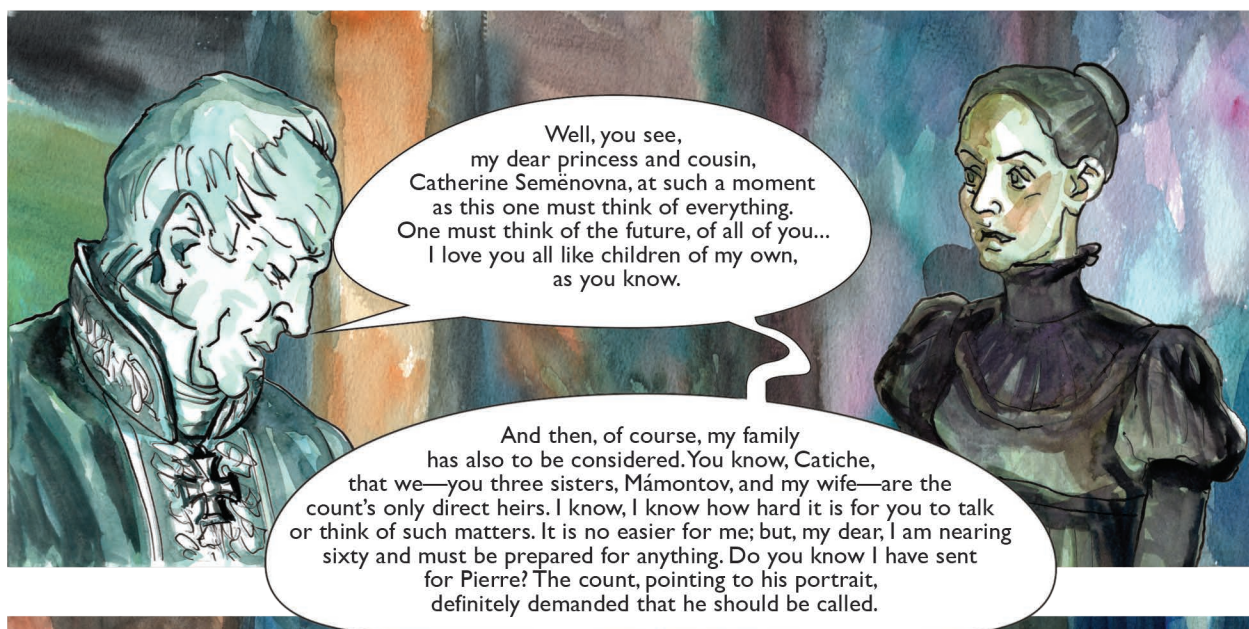


Ah, is it you, cousin?

No, there is no change. I only came to have a talk about business, Catiche.

Has anything happened? I am so terrified.

You have made the place warm, I must say. Well, sit down: let's have a talk.





There is one thing I constantly pray God to grant, mon cousin, and it is that He would be merciful to him and would allow his noble soul peacefully to leave this...



Yes, yes, of course... But... in short, the fact is... you know yourself that last winter the count made a will by which he left all his property, not to us his direct heirs, but to Pierre.



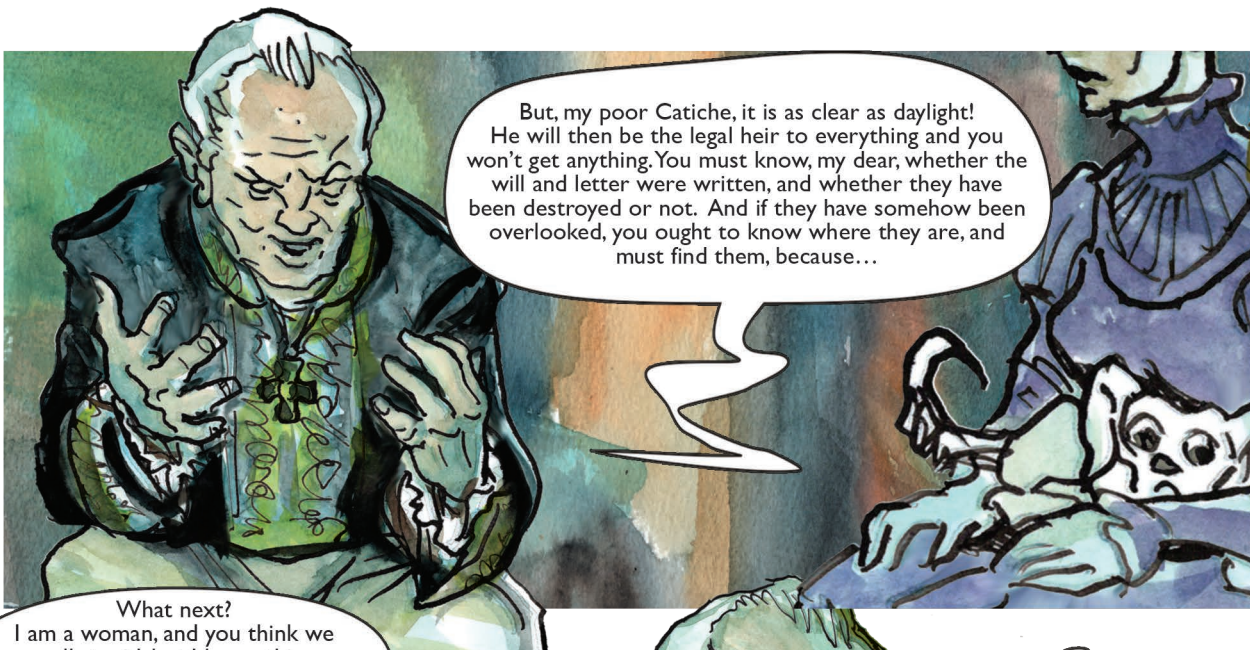
He has made wills enough! But he cannot leave the estate to Pierre. Pierre is illegitimate.

But, my dear, what if a letter has been written to the Emperor in which the count asks for Pierre's **LEGITIMATION**? Do you understand that in consideration of the count's services, his request would be granted?

I can tell you more. That letter was written, though it was not sent, and the Emperor knew of it. The only question is, has it been destroyed or not? If not, then as soon as all is over, and the count's papers are opened, the will and letter will be delivered to the Emperor, and the petition will certainly be granted. Pierre will get everything as the legitimate son.



And our share?



But, my poor Catiche, it is as clear as daylight! He will then be the legal heir to everything and you won't get anything. You must know, my dear, whether the will and letter were written, and whether they have been destroyed or not. And if they have somehow been overlooked, you ought to know where they are, and must find them, because...

What next?
I am a woman, and you think we are all stupid; but I know this: an illegitimate son cannot inherit...
un bâtard!



Well, really, Catiche! Can't you understand? You are so intelligent, how is it you don't see that if the count has written a letter to the Emperor begging him to recognize Pierre as legitimate, it follows that Pierre will not be Pierre but will become Count Bezúkhov, and will then inherit everything under the will? And if the will and letter are not destroyed, then you will have nothing but the consolation of having been dutiful.

I know the will was made, but I also know that it is invalid; and you, mon cousin, seem to consider me a perfect fool.



My dear Princess Catherine Seménovna, I came here not to argue with you, but to talk about your interests as with a kinswoman, a good, kind, true relation. And I tell you for the tenth time that if the letter to the Emperor and the will in Pierre's favor are among the count's papers, then, my dear girl, you and your sisters are not heiresses! If you don't believe me, then believe an expert. I have just been talking to the family solicitor, Dmitri Onúfrich, and he says the same.



That would be a fine thing!
I never wanted anything
and I don't now.

And this is gratitude—
this is recognition for those who have sacrificed
everything for his sake! It's splendid!
Fine! I don't want anything, Prince.

Yes, I knew it
long ago but had forgotten. I knew
that I could expect nothing but meanness,
deceit, envy, intrigue, and ingratitude—
the blackest ingratitude—in this house...



Yes, but you are not
the only one.
There are your sisters...



Do you
or do you not know
where that will is?



Yes, I was a fool! I still believed
in people, loved them, and sacrificed
myself. But only the base, the vile succeed!
I know who has been scheming!



There is still
time, my dear.
You must remember,
Catiche, that it was all done
casually in a moment of anger,
of illness, and was afterward
forgotten. Our duty, my dear,
is to rectify his mistake,
to ease his last moments by not letting
him commit this injustice, and not to
let him die feeling that he is rendering
unhappy those who...



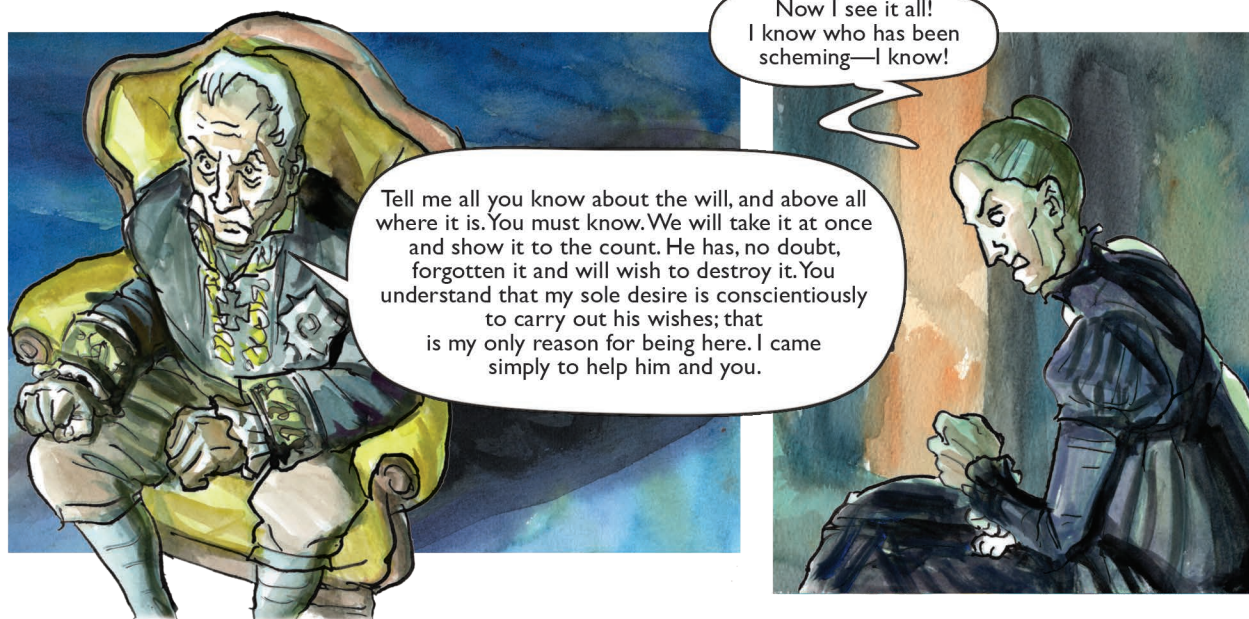
Now come, come!
Be reasonable. I know your
excellent heart.

Who sacrificed everything
for him, though he never could appreciate it?
No, mon cousin, I shall always remember that in this
world, one must expect no reward. In this world,
there is neither honor nor justice. In this world, one
has to be cunning and cruel.

No, I have
a wicked heart.



It's that protégé of yours,
that sweet Princess Drubetskáya,
that Anna Mikháylovna whom I would not
take for a housemaid... the infamous,
vile woman!



Now I see it all!
I know who has been
scheming—I know!

Tell me all you know about the will, and above all
where it is. You must know. We will take it at once
and show it to the count. He has, no doubt,
forgotten it and will wish to destroy it. You
understand that my sole desire is conscientiously
to carry out his wishes; that
is my only reason for being here. I came
simply to help him and you.



That's not the point, my dear.



Do not let us lose any time...

Ah, don't talk to me!
Last winter she wheedled herself in here and told the count such vile, disgraceful things about us, especially about Sophie—I can't repeat them—that it made the count quite ill and he would not see us for a whole fortnight. I know it was then he wrote this vile, infamous paper, but I thought the thing was invalid.

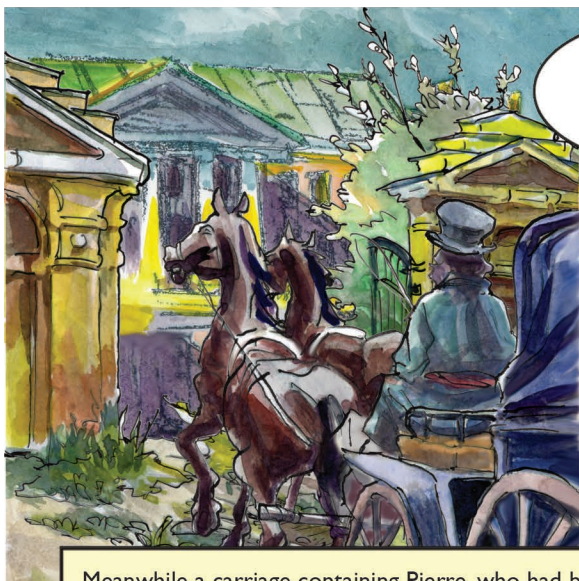


We've got to it at last—

Why did you not tell me about it sooner?



It's in the inlaid portfolio that he keeps under his pillow. Yes; if I have a sin, a great sin, it is hatred of that vile woman! And what does she come worming herself in here for? But I will give her a piece of my mind. The time will come!



Wake up,
my dear,
we have arrived.

Meanwhile a carriage containing Pierre, who had been sent for,
and Anna Mikháylova, who found it necessary to accompany
him, arrived at the court of Count Bezúkhov's house.



Is this the way to
the count's apartments?

Yes, the door
to the left, ma'am.



Perhaps the
count did not ask
for me. I'd better go
to my own room.

Ah, my friend!
Believe me, I suffer
no less than you do,
but be a man!

But really, hadn't
I better go away?

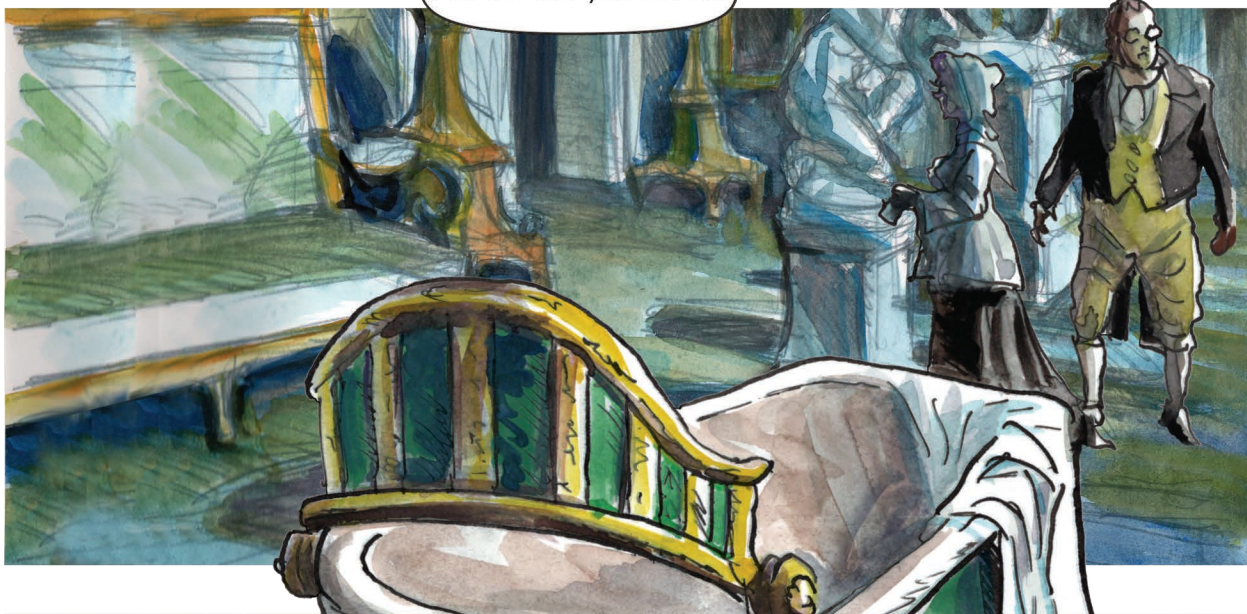


Ah, my dear friend!
Forget the wrongs that may have been
done to you. Think that he is your father...
Perhaps in the agony of death. I have loved
you like a son from the start.
Trust me, Pierre.
I shall not forget your interests.





Be a man, my friend.
I will look after your interests.







What a terrible moment!

Trust in His mercy!



Princess Anna quietly told the assembled that Pierre was the count's son and thanked God that they'd arrived in time to say goodbye.



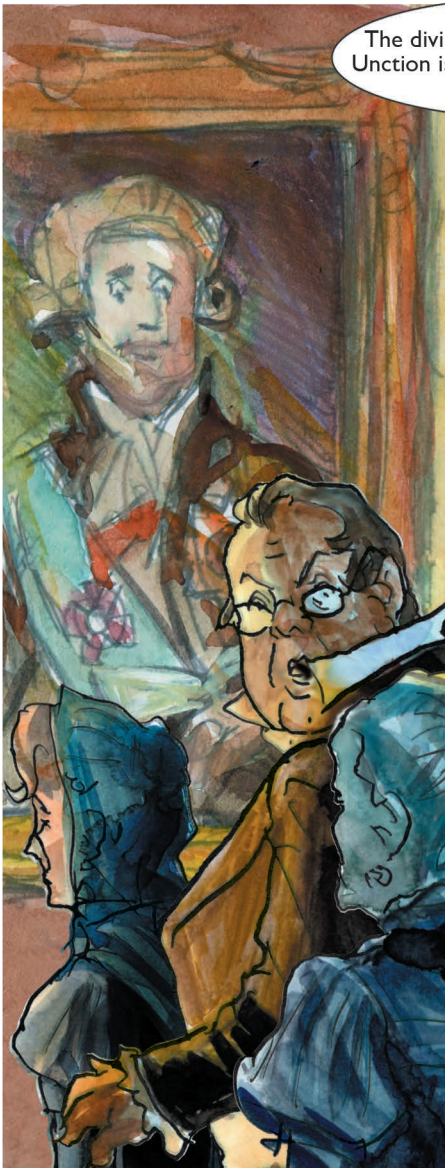
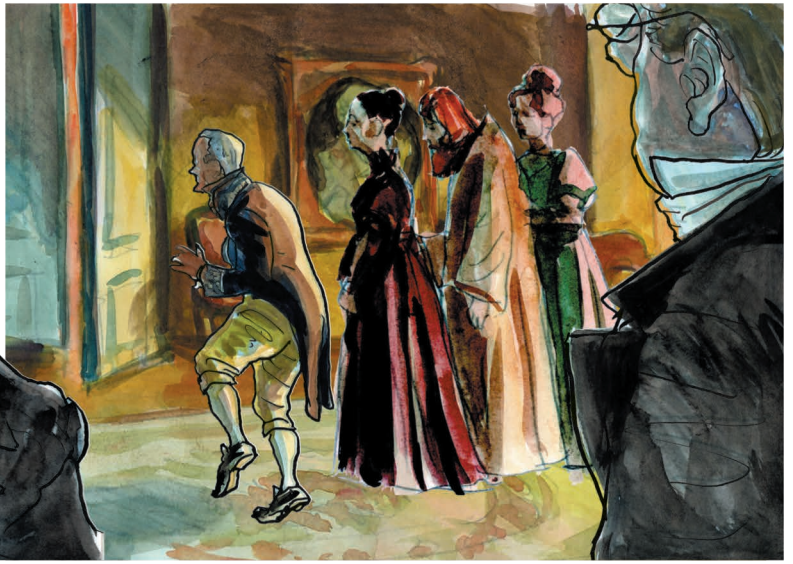
Courage, courage, my friend! He has asked to see you. That is well!



He had another stroke about half an hour ago. Courage, my friend...



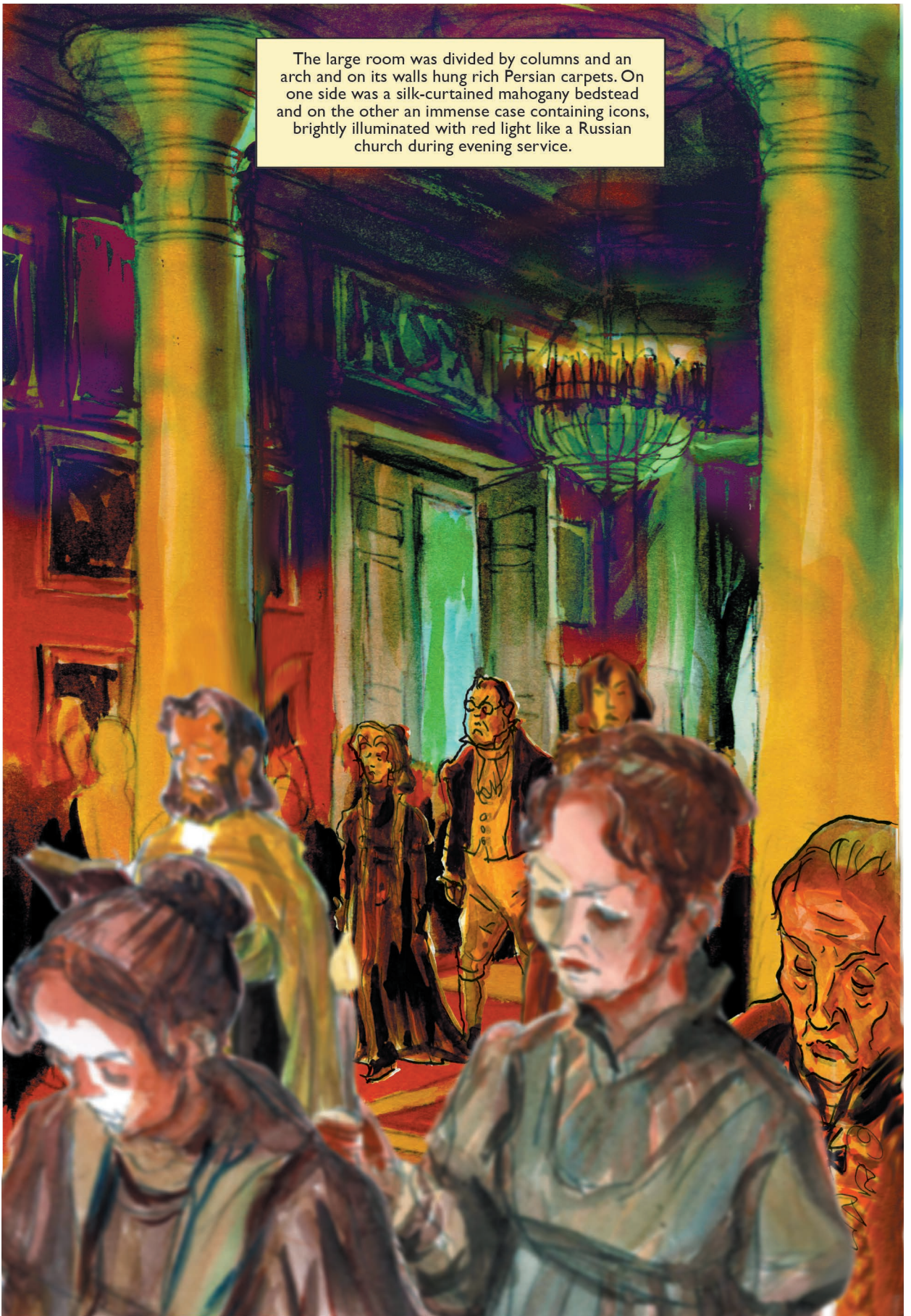
How is he...

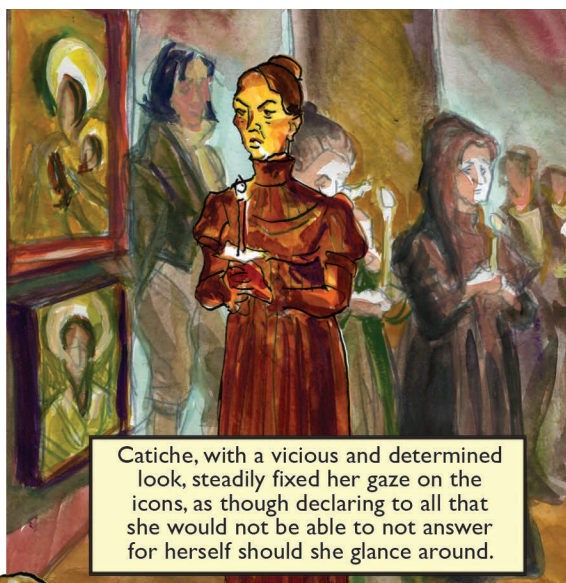


The divine mercy is inexhaustible!
Unction is about to be administered.
Come.



The large room was divided by columns and an arch and on its walls hung rich Persian carpets. On one side was a silk-curtained mahogany bedstead and on the other an immense case containing icons, brightly illuminated with red light like a Russian church during evening service.





Catiche, with a vicious and determined look, steadily fixed her gaze on the icons, as though declaring to all that she would not be able to not answer for herself should she glance around.

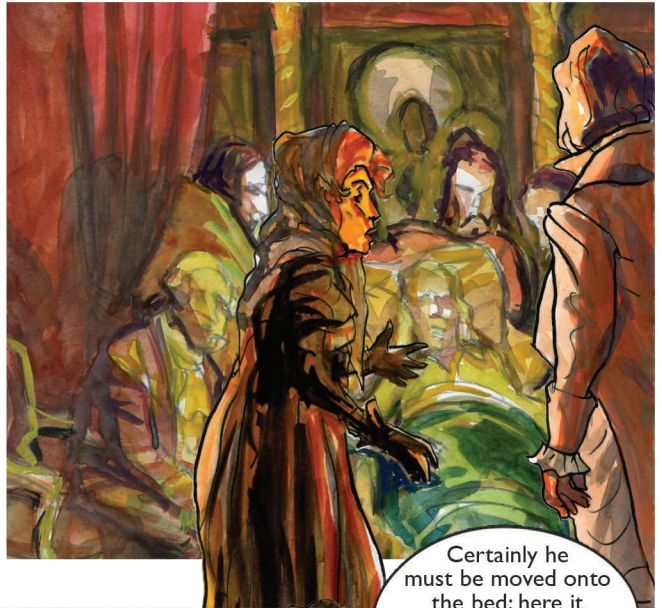
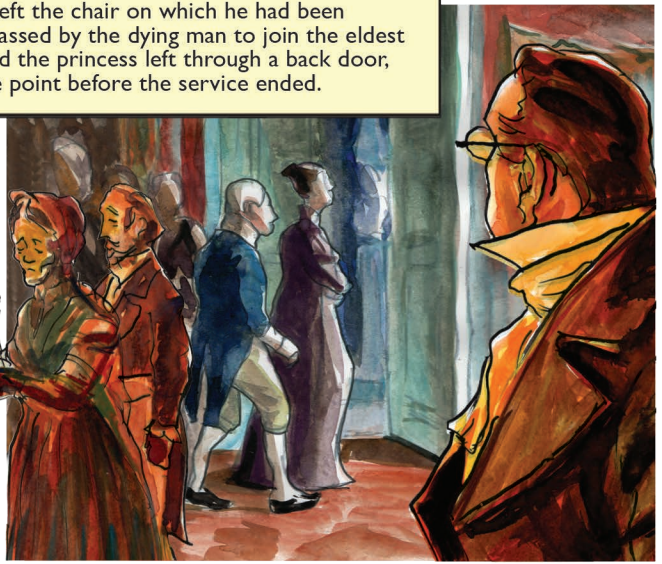
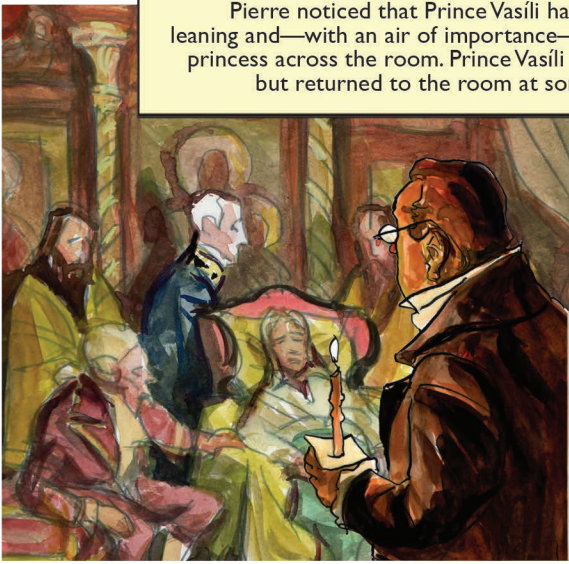


Anna Mikháylovna strode across the room to where Pierre was standing and gave him a candle. He lit it but, distracted by observing those around him, began crossing himself with the hand that held the taper.



Sophie, the rosy, laughter-loving, youngest princess, watched him. She smiled, hid her face in her handkerchief, and remained with it hidden for a while; then looking up and seeing Pierre she again began to laugh.

Pierre noticed that Prince Vasili had left the chair on which he had been leaning and—with an air of importance—passed by the dying man to join the eldest princess across the room. Prince Vasili and the princess left through a back door, but returned to the room at some point before the service ended.



Certainly he must be moved onto the bed; here it will be impossible...







The count's gaze stayed fixed on the spot where Pierre's face had been. Anna Mikháylovna was moved by the importance of these last moments between father and son. Minutes that felt to Pierre like hours passed.



Um-m-m ...

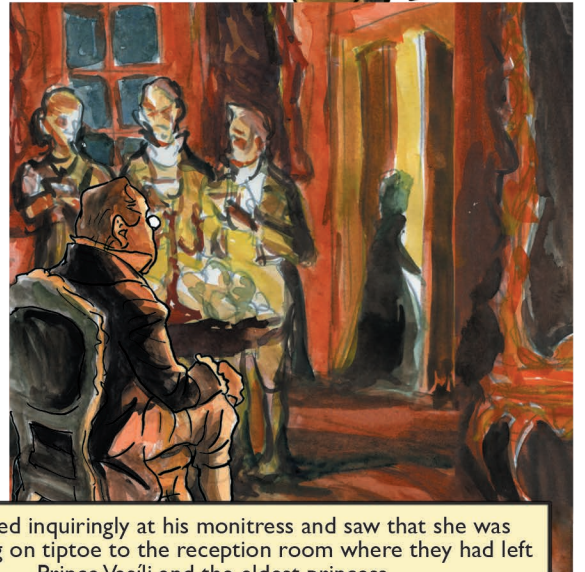
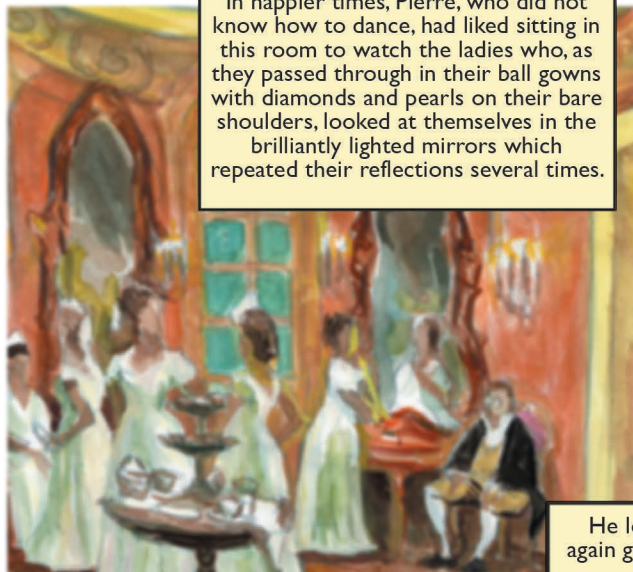
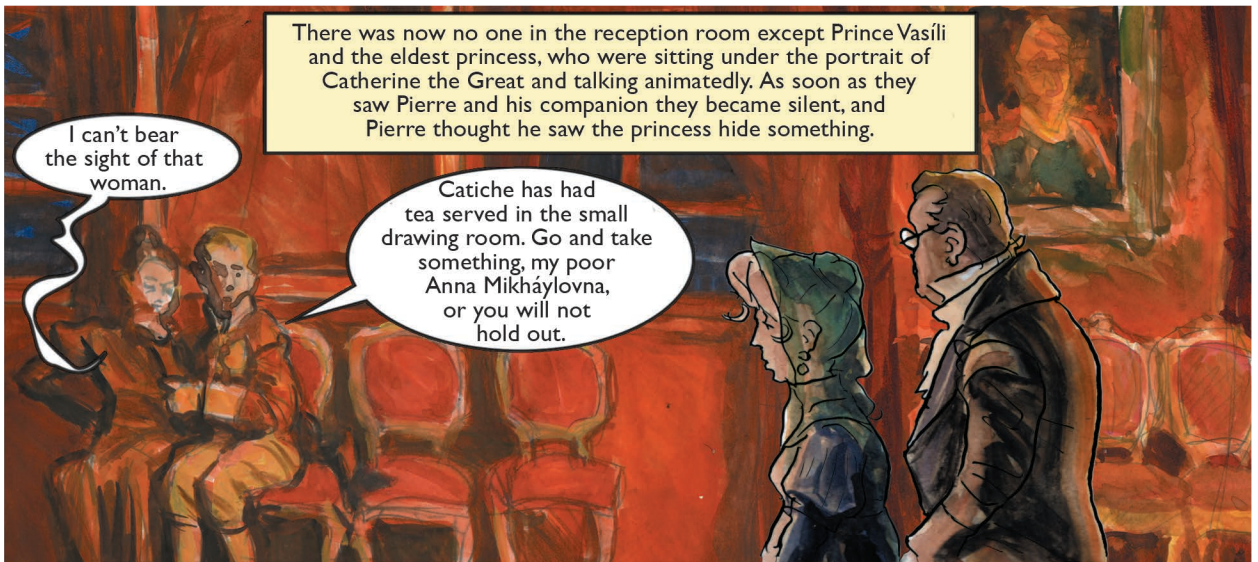


He wants to turn on the other side.



While the count was being turned over, one of his arms fell back helplessly and he made a fruitless effort to pull it forward. Whether he noticed the look of terror with which Pierre regarded that lifeless arm, or whether some other thought flitted across his dying brain, at any rate, he glanced at the refractory arm, at Pierre's terror-stricken face, and again at the arm, and on his face a feeble, piteous smile appeared, quite out of keeping with his features, that seemed to deride his own helplessness.







I don't even know what is in this paper. All I know is that his real will is in his writing table, and this is a paper he has forgotten....

Let Catiche do as she pleases. You know how fond the count is of her.



Oh! This is absurd! Let go I tell you!

Why don't you speak, cousin? Why do you remain silent when heaven knows who permits herself to interfere, making a scene on the very threshold of a dying man's room? Intriguer!

Pierre, my dear, come here. I think he will not be out of place in a family consultation; is it not so, Prince?

I know, my dear, kind princess... Dear princess, I beg, have some pity on him! I beg you!





What are you doing!

He is dying and
you leave me alone
with him!

The eldest princess dropped the portfolio.
Anna Mikháylovna, stooping, quickly caught it
and ran into the bedroom. The eldest princess
and Prince Vasíli, recovering themselves,
followed her.





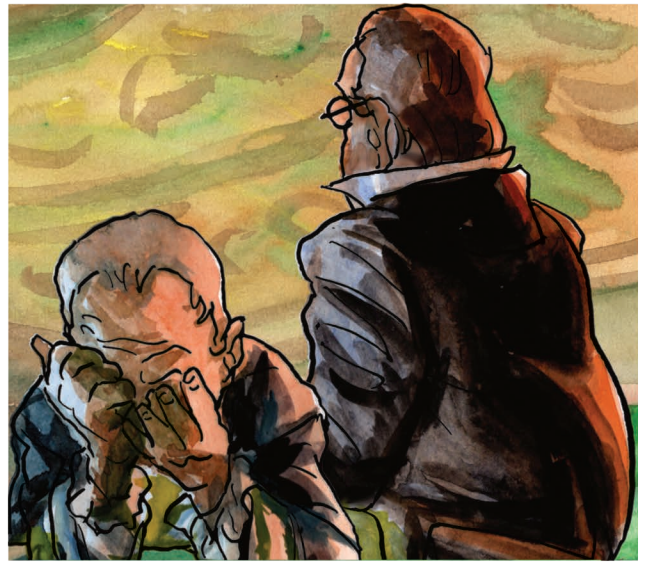
Are you happy now?
This is what you have been
waiting for...

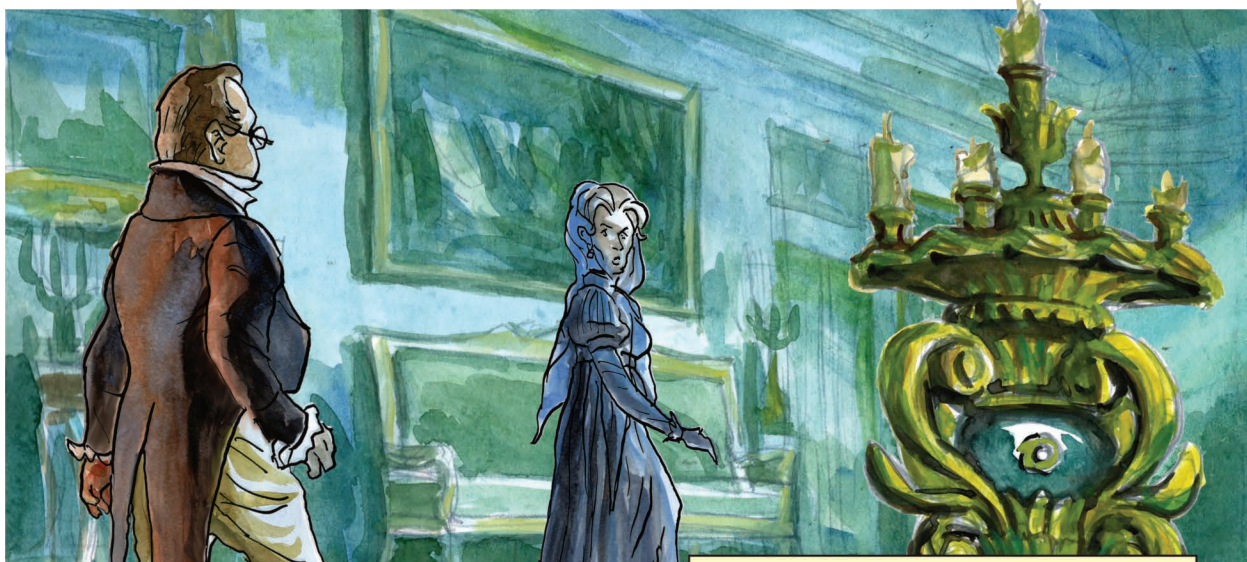


Ah, my friend!
How often we sin, how much
we deceive, and all for what?



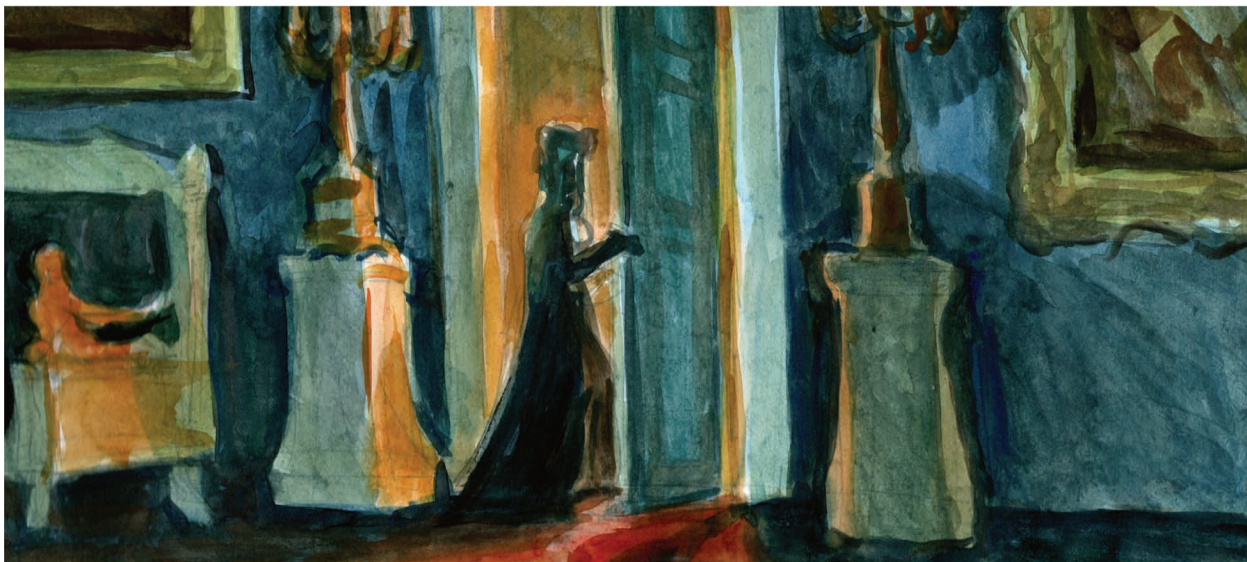
I am near sixty,
dear friend... I too...
All will end in death, all!
Death is awful...





Anna Mikháylovna led him into the dark drawing room and Pierre was glad no one could see his face. She left him.



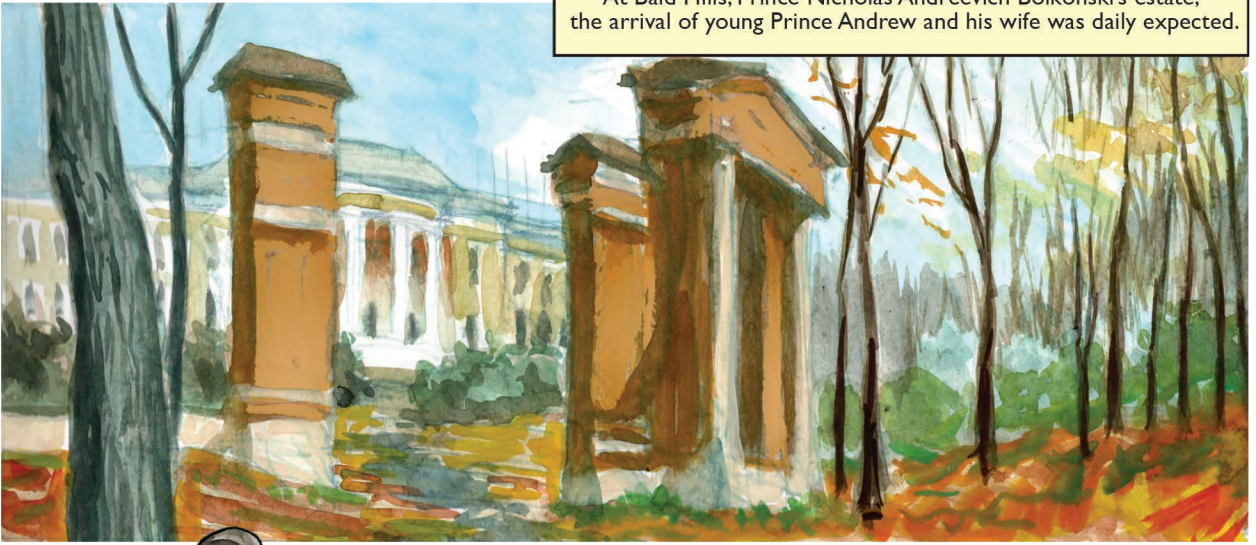


Yes, my dear, this is a great loss for us all, not to speak of you. But God will support you: you are young, and are now, I hope, in command of an immense fortune. The will has not yet been opened. I know you well enough to be sure that this will not turn your head, but it imposes duties on you, and you must be a man.



Perhaps later on I may tell you, my dear boy, that if I had not been there, God only knows what would have happened! You know, Uncle promised me only the day before yesterday not to forget Boris. But he had no time. I hope, my dear friend, you will carry out your father's wish.

At Bald Hills, Prince Nicholas Andréevich Bolkónski's estate, the arrival of young Prince Andrew and his wife was daily expected.





Read this
if you like, Father.

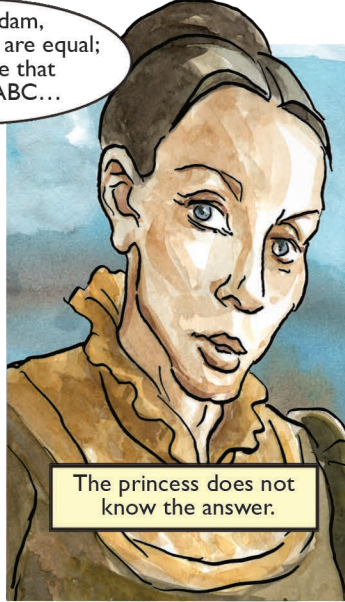


I'll let two more letters pass,
but the third I'll read. I'm afraid you
write too much nonsense.
I'll read the third!



The third,
I said
the third!

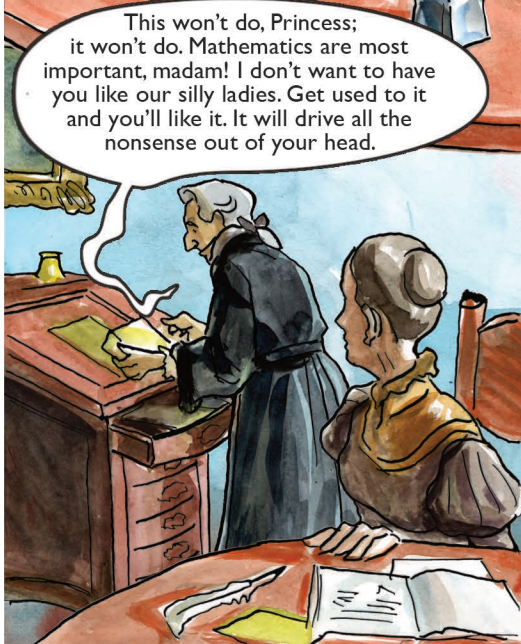
Now, madam,
these triangles are equal;
please note that
the angle ABC...



The princess does not
know the answer.



Well now,
isn't she a fool!





She flatters me.



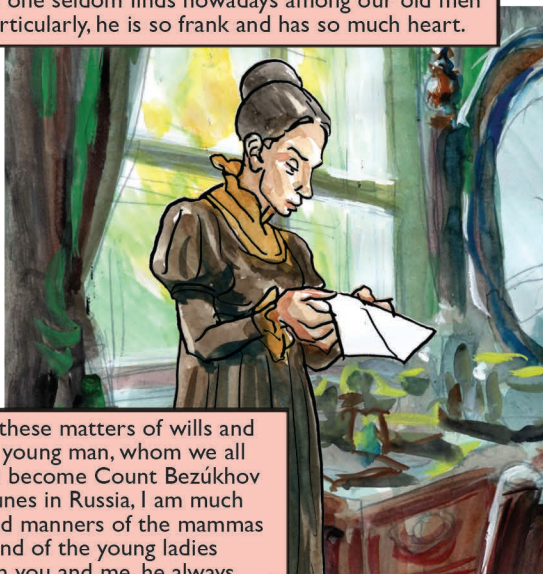
All Moscow talks of is nothing but war. One of my two brothers is already abroad, the other is with the guards, who are starting on their march to the frontier. Our dear Emperor has left Petersburg and intends to expose his precious person to the chances of war. God grant that the Corsican monster who is destroying the peace of Europe may be overthrown by the angel whom it has pleased the Almighty, in His goodness, to give us as sovereign!

Dear and precious friend, How terrible and frightful a thing is separation! Why cannot I now, as three months ago, draw fresh moral strength from your look, so gentle, calm, and penetrating, a look I loved so well and seem to see before me as I write?

Young Nicholas Rostóv, who with his enthusiasm could not bear to remain inactive, has left the university to join the army. I will confess to you, dear Mary, that in spite of his extreme youth his departure for the army was a great grief to me. This young man, of whom I spoke to you last summer, is so noble-minded and full of that real youthfulness which one seldom finds nowadays among our old men of twenty and, particularly, he is so frank and has so much heart.



I confess I understand very little about all these matters of wills and inheritance; but I do know that since this young man, whom we all used to know as plain Monsieur Pierre, has become Count Bezúkhov and the owner of one of the largest fortunes in Russia, I am much amused to watch the change in the tone and manners of the mammas burdened by marriageable daughters, and of the young ladies themselves, toward him, though, between you and me, he always seemed to me a poor sort of fellow.



Dear and precious Friend, Your letter of the 13th has given me great delight. So you still love me, my romantic Julie? Separation, of which you say so much that is bad, does not seem to have had its usual effect on you ...

Anna Mikháylovna told me, under the seal of strict secrecy, of a plan of marriage for you. It is neither more nor less than with Prince Vasíli's son Anatole, whom they wish to reform by marrying him to someone rich and distingué, and it is on you that his relations' choice has fallen. I don't know what you will think of it, but I consider it my duty to let you know of it. He is said to be very handsome and a terrible scapegrace. That is all I have been able to find out about him.



She took a sheet of paper and her pen moved rapidly over it.





He will get up in twenty minutes. Let us go across to Mary's room.

You've grown older, Tikhon.

Why, this is a palace! Let's go in.



Is that Mary practicing? Let's take her by surprise.

Ah! What joy for the princess! At last! I must let her know.

No, no, please... You are Mademoiselle Bourienne. I know you already through my sister-in-law.



Ah! My dear! Ah! Mary! I dreamed last night... You were not expecting us? Ah! Mary, you have gotten thinner? And you have grown stouter!

I knew the princess at once!



And I had no idea! Ah, Andrew, I did not see you.



Prince Andrew and his sister, hand in hand, kissed one another. She looked at him lovingly, with tears in her eyes. He told her she was still the same crybaby as ever.



The little princess talked incessantly. She told of an accident they had had on the Spásski Hill which might have been serious for her in her condition, and immediately after that informed them that she had left all her clothes in Petersburg and that heaven knew what she would have to wear in here.



So you are really going to the war, Andrew?

Yes, tomorrow.

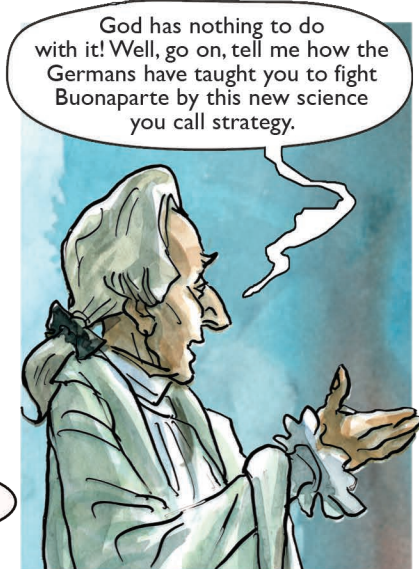
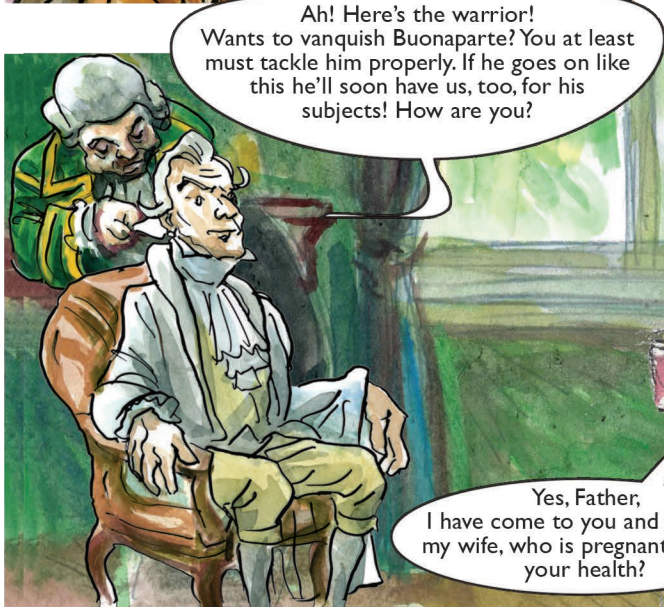
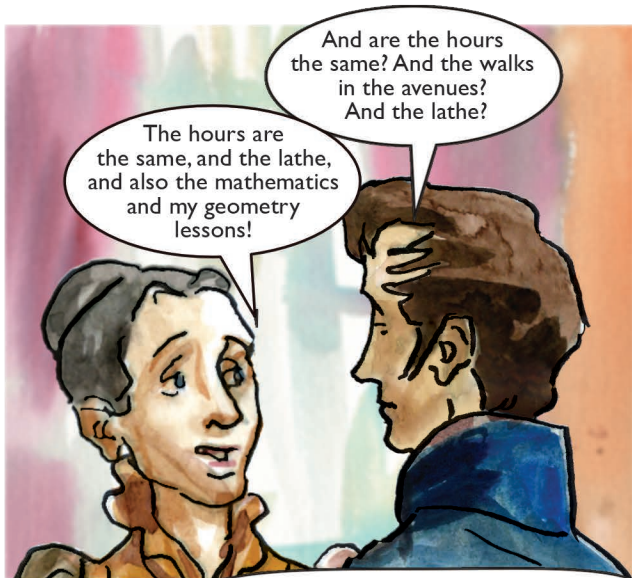


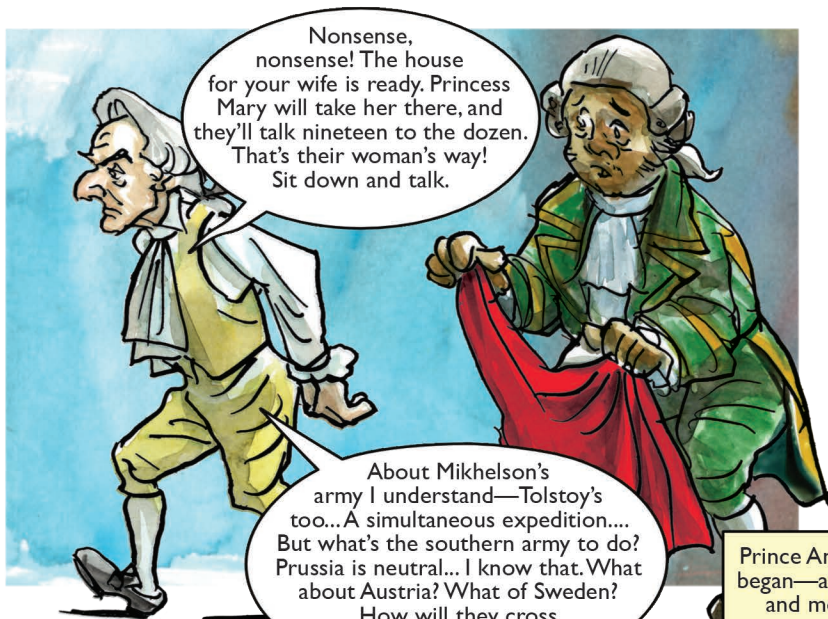
Is it certain?

He is leaving me here, God knows why, when he might have had promotion...

Yes, quite certain. Ah! It is very dreadful...

She needs rest. Don't you, Lise? Take her to your room and I'll go to Father. How is he? Just the same?





Prince Andrew, seeing that his father was insistent, began—at first reluctantly, but gradually with more and more animation, and from habit changing unconsciously from Russian to French as he went on—to explain the plan of operation for the coming campaign.





At the appointed hour the prince, powdered and shaven, entered the dining room where his guests awaited. The prince, who generally kept strictly to social distinctions and rarely admitted even important government officials to his table, had invited his architect, Michael Ivánovich....



I'm glad to see you.
Sit down,
sit down! Sit down,
Michael Ivánovich!



Ho, ho!
You've been in a hurry.
That's bad!



You must walk, walk as much as possible, as much as possible.



Countess Apráksina, poor thing, has lost her husband and she has cried her eyes out.

Well, Michael Ivánovich, our Buonaparte will be having a bad time of it. Prince Andrew has been telling me what forces are being collected against him! While you and I never thought much of him.



He is a great tactician!



The past always seems good, but did not Suvórov himself fall into a trap Moreau set him, and from which he did not know how to escape?



Who told you that? Who? Suvórov! Suvórov! Consider, Prince Andrew. Two... Frederick and Suvórov; Moreau!... Moreau would have been a prisoner if Suvórov had had a free hand...



Were the Potëmkins, Suvórovs, and Orlóvs Germans? No, lad, either you fellows have all lost your wits, or I have outlived mine. May God help you, but we'll see what will happen. Buonaparte has become a great commander among them! Hm...



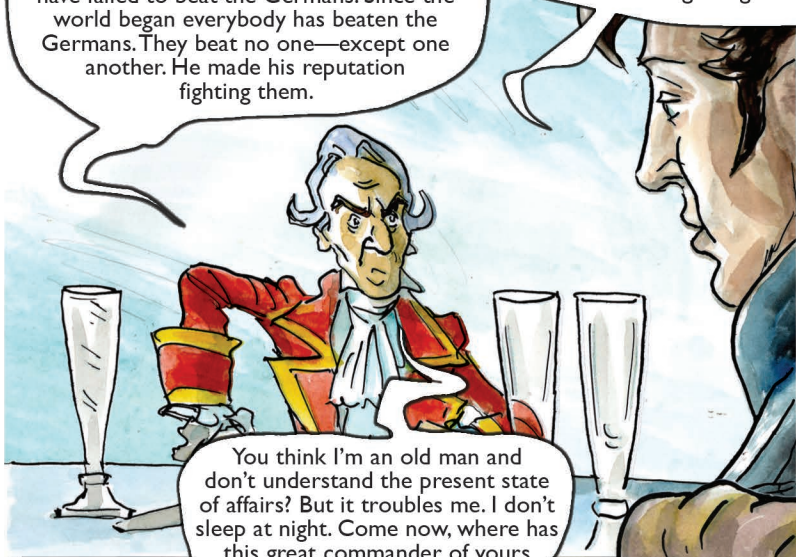
Michael Ivánovich! Didn't I tell you Buonaparte was a great tactician? Here, he says the same thing.



To be sure, your excellency.

I don't at all say that all the plans are good, I am only surprised at your opinion of Buonaparte. You may laugh as much as you like, but all the same Buonaparte is a great general!

Buonaparte was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He has got splendid soldiers. Besides, he began by attacking Germans. And only idlers have failed to beat the Germans. Since the world began everybody has beaten the Germans. They beat no one—except one another. He made his reputation fighting them.



You think I'm an old man and don't understand the present state of affairs? But it troubles me. I don't sleep at night. Come now, where has this great commander of yours shown his skill?



That would take too long to tell.



Well, then go off to your Buonaparte! Mademoiselle Bourienne, here's another admirer of that powder-monkey emperor of yours!

Mon Dieu, who knows when he will return.

You know, Prince, I am not a Buonapartist!



No—promise that
you will not refuse!



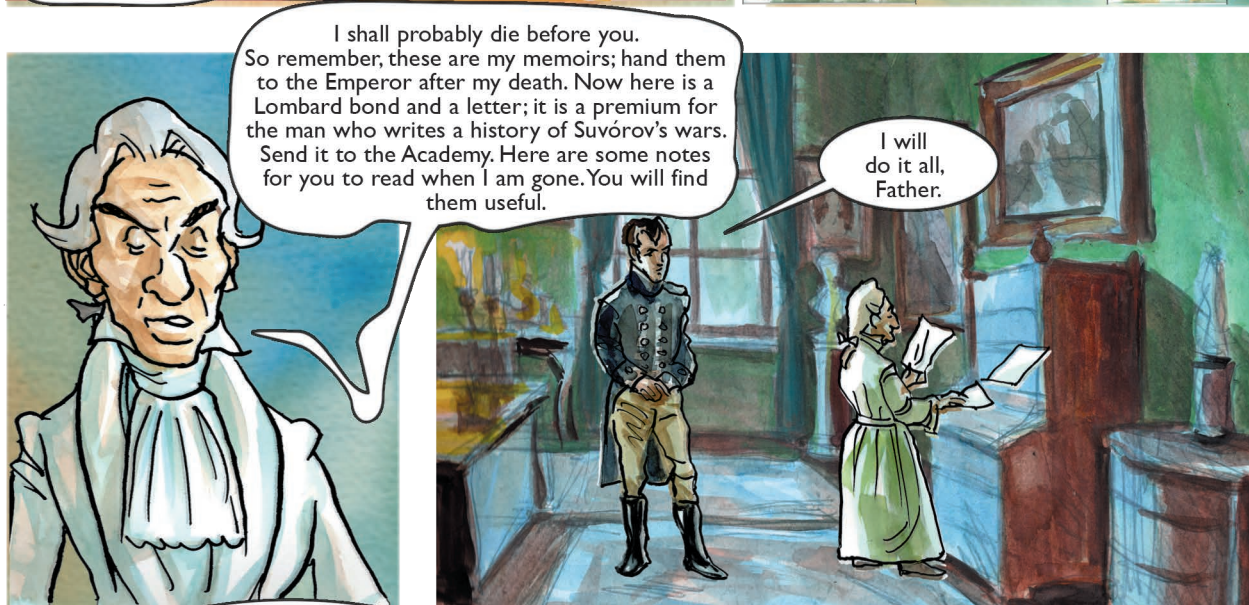
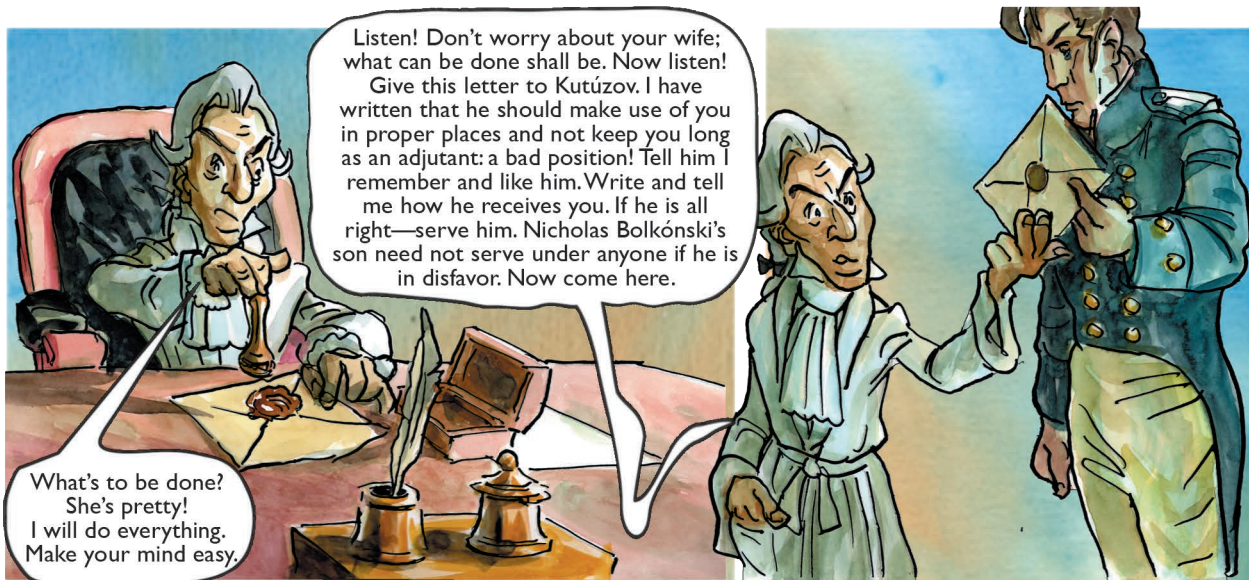
Let us
go to her.

Thank you,
my dear.

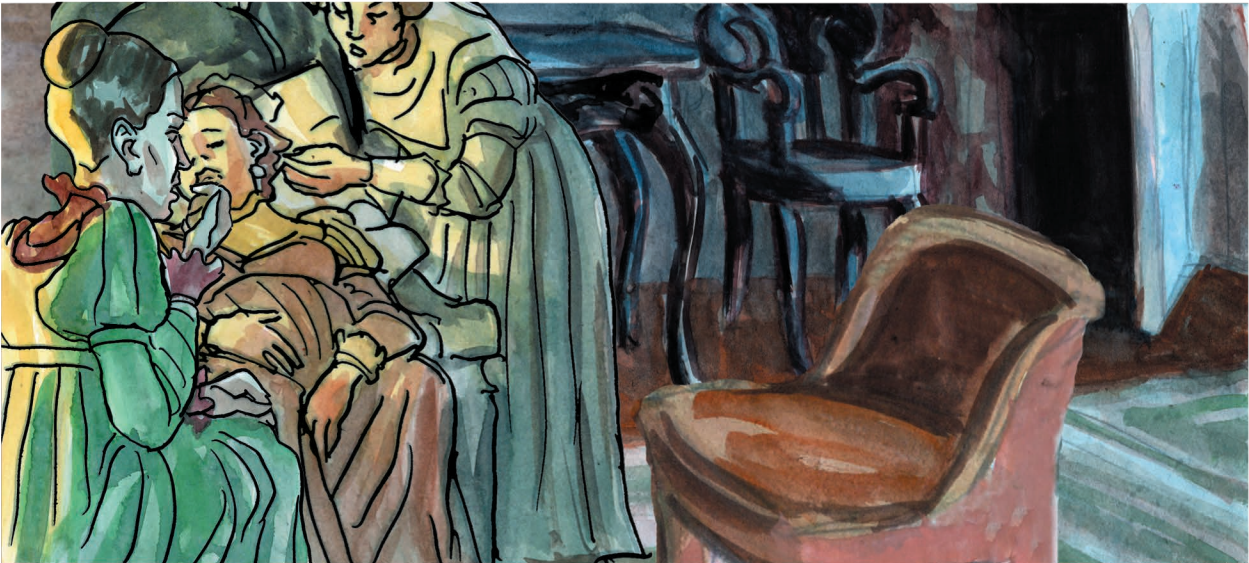
"Petrúshka!" Andrew called to
his valet: "Come here, take
these away. Put this on the
seat and this to the right."















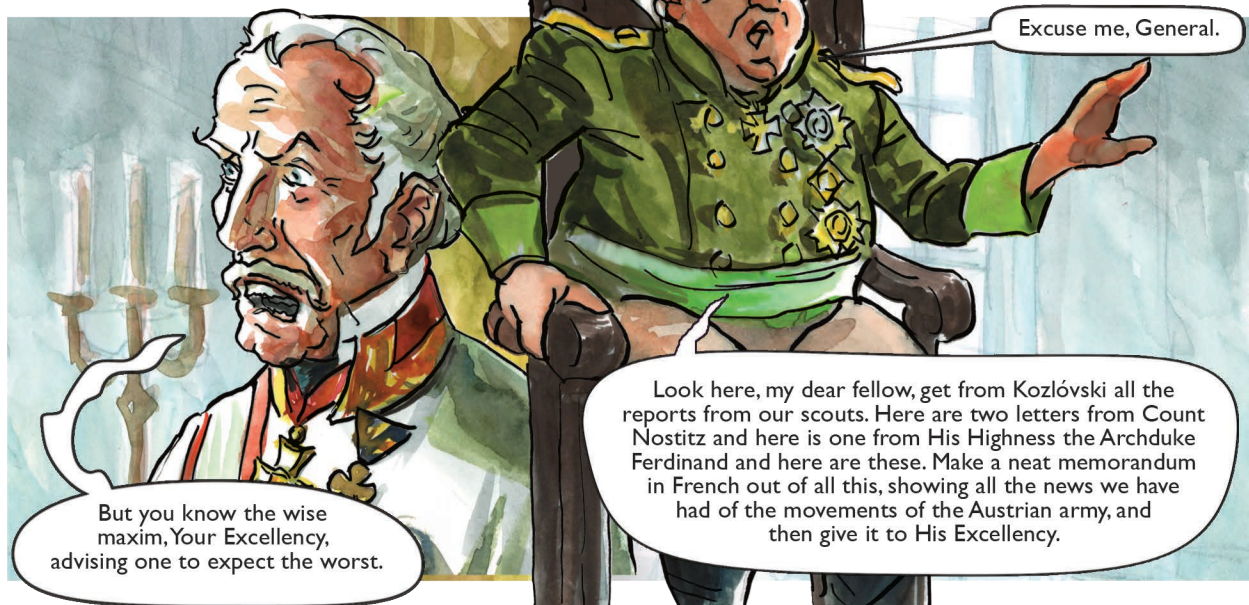
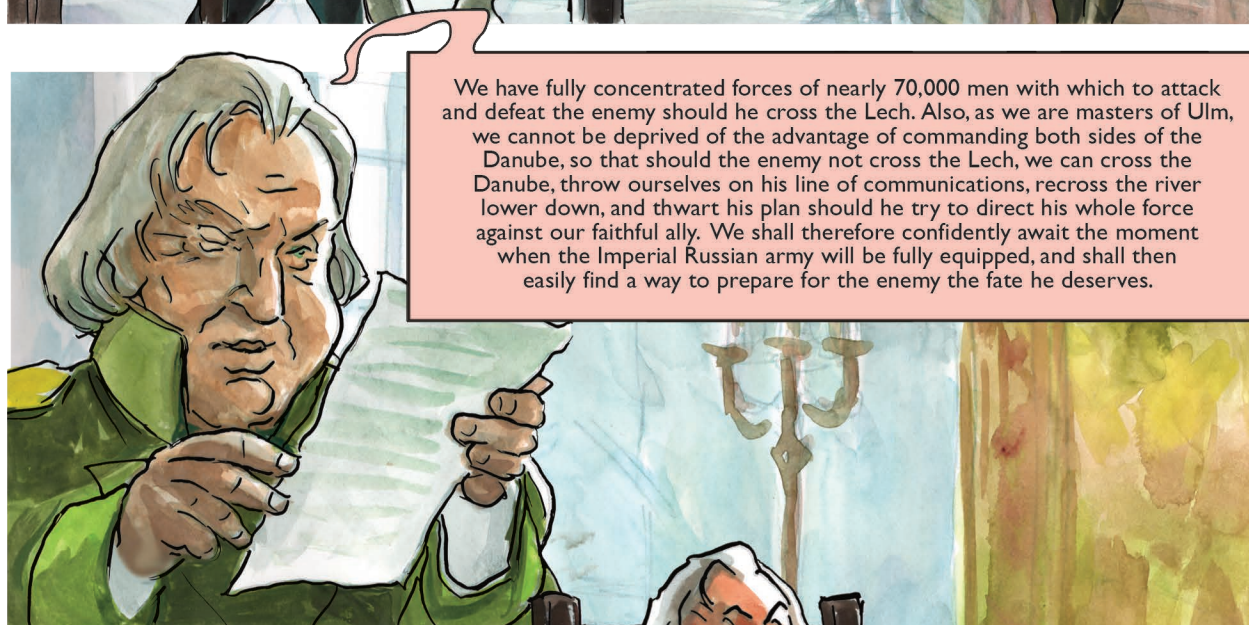


WAR and PEACE
Part 2



I imagine that the Austrian troops, under the direction of so skillful a leader as General Mack, have by now already gained a decisive victory and no longer need our aid.

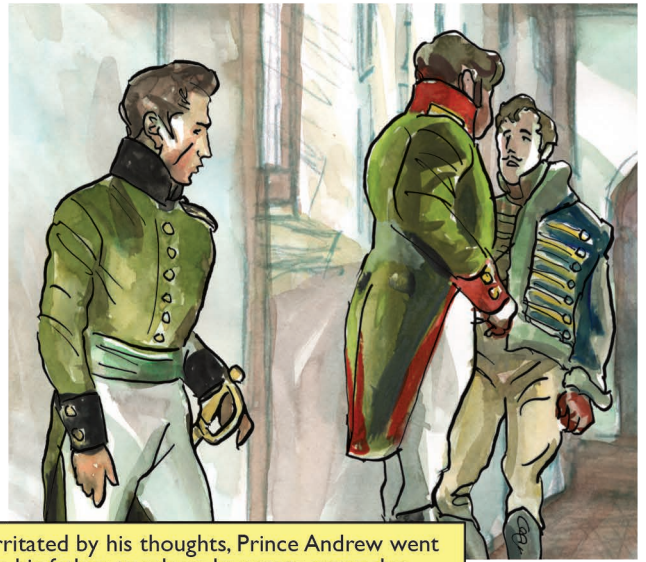












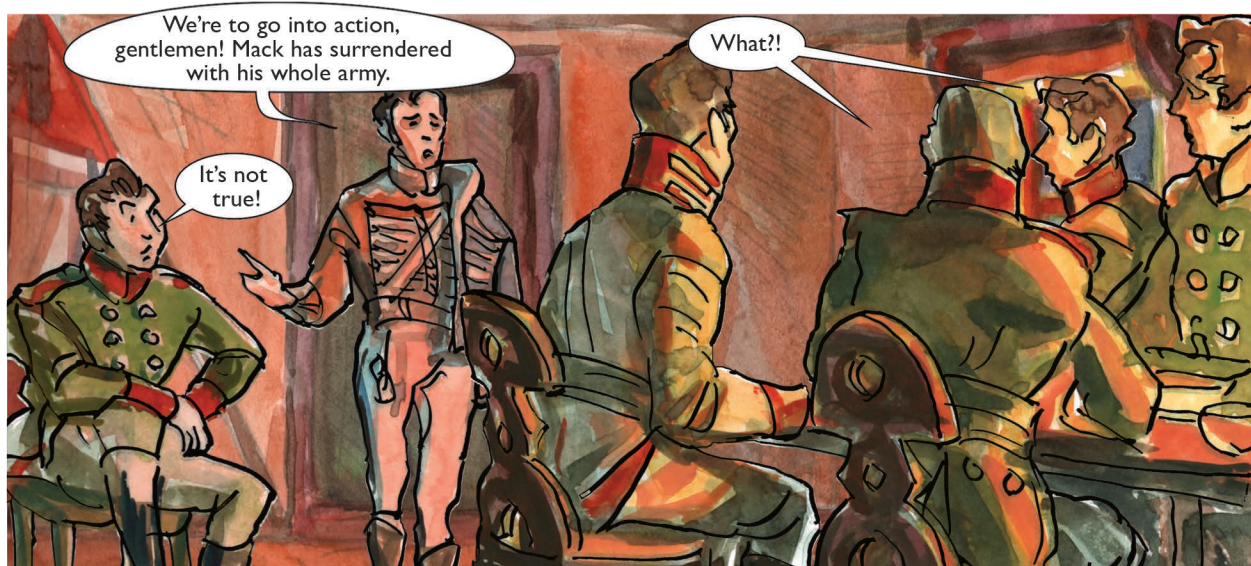
Excited and irritated by his thoughts, Prince Andrew went to write to his father, to whom he wrote every day.





The Pávlograd Hussars were stationed two miles from Braunau.



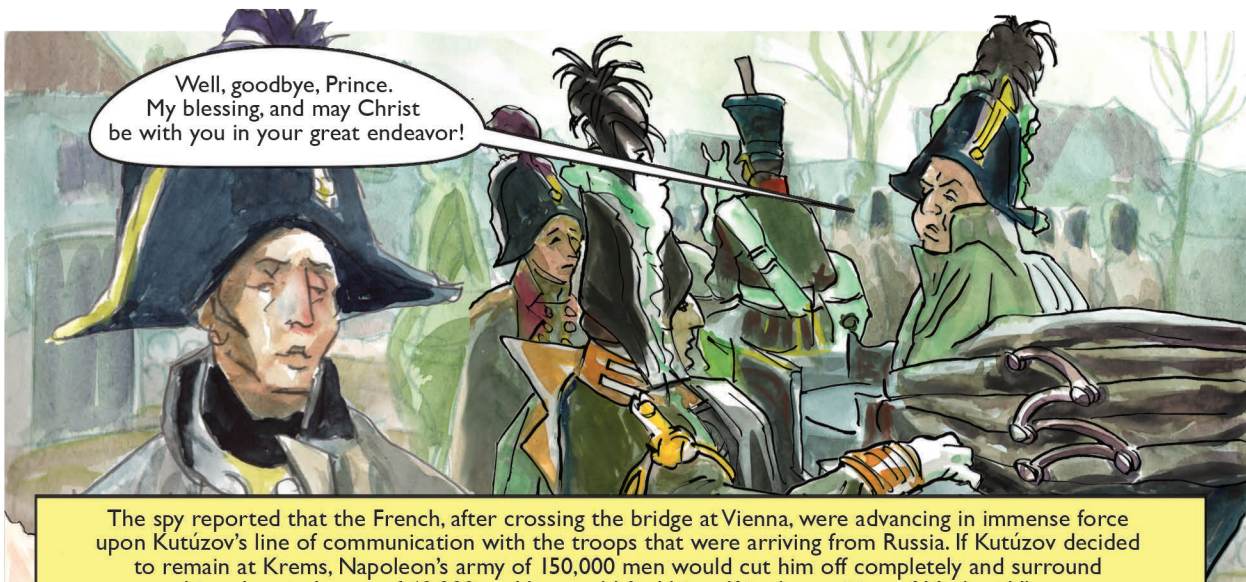




Kutúzov fell back toward Vienna, destroying behind him the bridges over the rivers Inn (at Braunau) and Traun (near Linz). On October 23, the Russian troops were crossing the river Enns. At midday the Russian baggage train, the artillery, and columns of troops were rampaging through the town of Enns on both sides of the bridge.



It was a warm, rainy, autumnal day. The wide expanse that opened out before the heights on which the Russian batteries stood guarding the bridge was at times veiled by a diaphanous curtain of slanting rain, and then, suddenly spread out in the sunlight, far-distant objects could be clearly seen glittering as though freshly varnished.



Well, goodbye, Prince.
My blessing, and may Christ
be with you in your great endeavor!

The spy reported that the French, after crossing the bridge at Vienna, were advancing in immense force upon Kutúzov's line of communication with the troops that were arriving from Russia. If Kutúzov decided to remain at Krems, Napoleon's army of 150,000 men would cut him off completely and surround his exhausted army of 40,000, and he would find himself in the position of Mack at Ulm.



BOOM!

Smack at 'em,
lads!

Túshin succeeded in setting fire
to Schön Grabern.



Are you mad?
You have twice been ordered
to retreat, and you...

I... don't...
I...



Thank you;
you saved me,
my dear fellow!

Prince Andrew told Bagration, "We owe today's success chiefly to the action of that battery and the heroic endurance of Captain Túshin and his company."

Orders are not negotiable!
ATTACK!

Napoleon
Bonaparte

Joachim Murat

Pyotr
Bagration

Nicolas Dudinot

Captain Túshin

Claude Legrand

Schön Grabern

Hollow

Bagration

Grunde

Colonel Túshin's artillery battery
covered the army's retreat.

The battle lasted eight hours. The French army was three
times larger than the Russian army (20,630 against 7,300).
The Russian army was defeated, but Bagration was able
to retain most of his men.

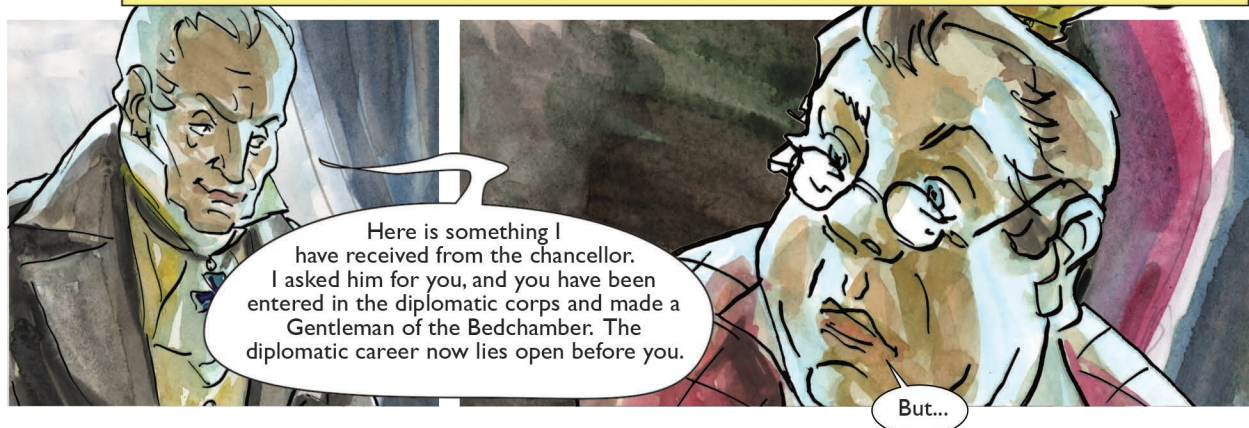
Louis-Gabriel
Suchet

Johann Nostitz

Austrian troops did not take part
in the battle. General Murat
convinced them of the armistice.

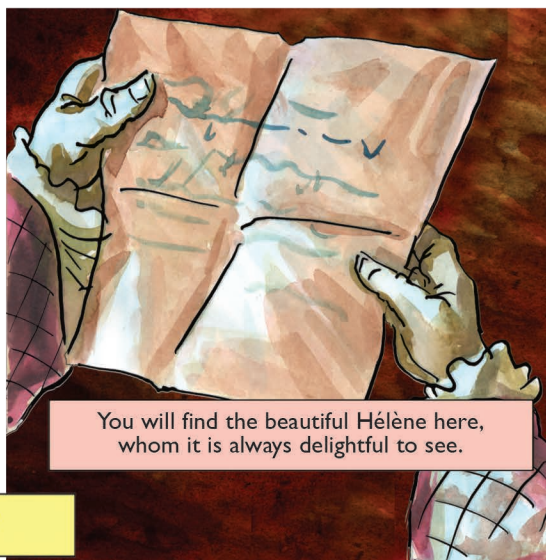
Oudinot's grenadiers had to leave Schön Grabern due to smoke.







In the beginning of the winter of 1805, Pierre received one of Anna Pávlovna's usual pink notes with an invitation.



Anna Pávlovna's "At Home" was like her previous event, only the novelty she offered her guests this time was not Mortemart, but a diplomatist fresh from Berlin with the very latest details of the Emperor Alexander's visit to Potsdam, and of how the two august friends had pledged themselves in an indissoluble alliance to uphold the cause of justice against the enemy of the human race.





Isn't she exquisite?

And how she carries herself!

With her the least worldly of men would occupy a most brilliant position in society. Don't you think so?





"So you have never noticed before how beautiful I am?" Hélène seemed to say.
"You had not noticed that I am a woman? Yes, I am a woman who may belong to anyone—to you too."









I have been told that her brother Anatole was in love with her and she with him, that there was quite a scandal and that that's why he was sent away. Hippolyte is her brother... Prince Vasili is her father... It's bad...

But in another part of his mind, her image rose in all its womanly beauty...

On Hélène's name day, a small party of just their own people—as his wife said—met for supper at Prince Vasilí's.

This rescript began with the words: "Sergéy Kuzmích, From all sides reports reach me..."

At the last Wednesday's meeting of the Imperial Council, Sergéy Kuzmích Vyazmítinov, the new military governor general of Petersburg, had received and read the then-famous rescript of the Emperor Alexander from the army to Sergéy Kuzmích, in which the Emperor said that he was receiving from all sides declarations of the people's loyalty.

So it is all finished!

How quickly!



Kuz-mí-ch...
From all sides.



Poor Vyazmitinov!

Ha!-Ha!
Ha!-Ha!-Ha!
Ha!-Ha!



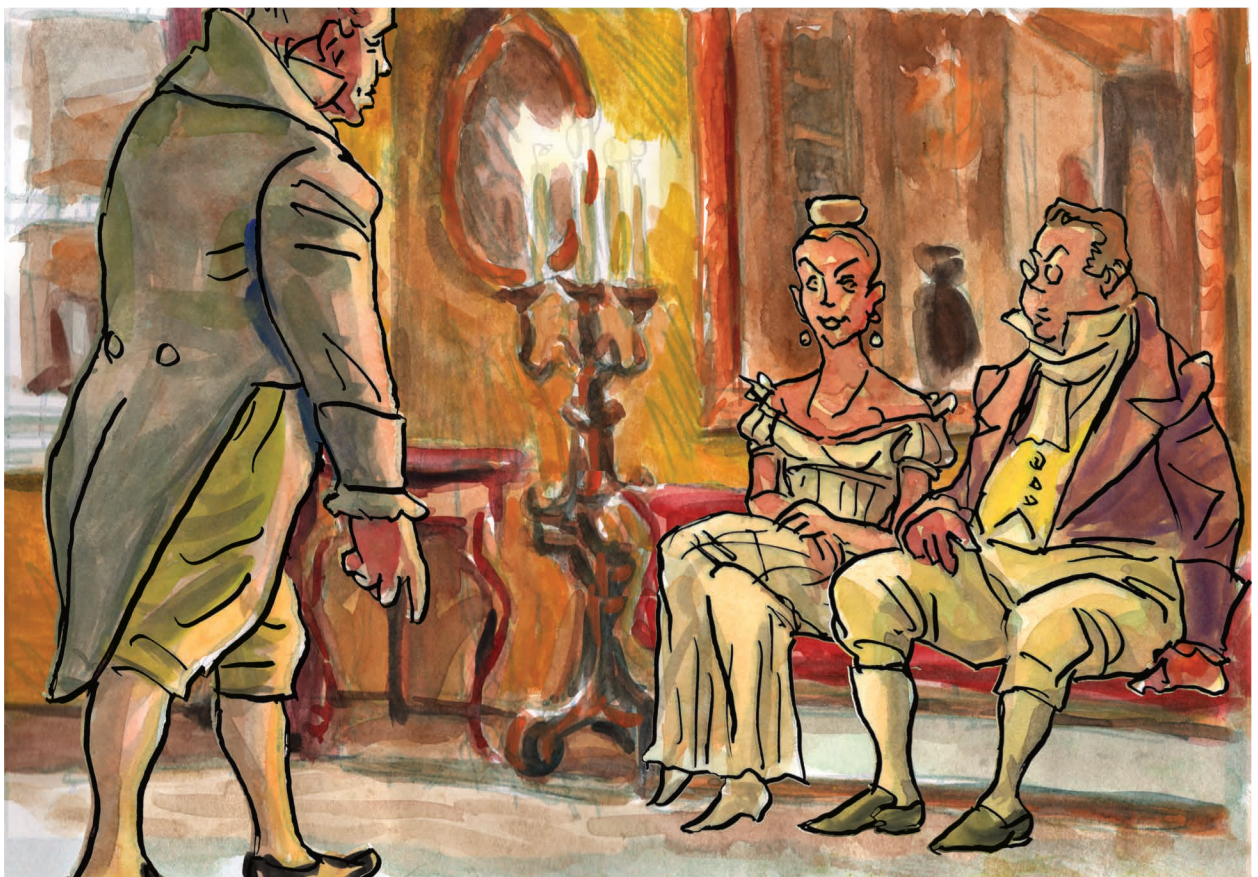


In her eyes, Prince Vasili read a congratulation on his future son-in-law and on his daughter's happiness.

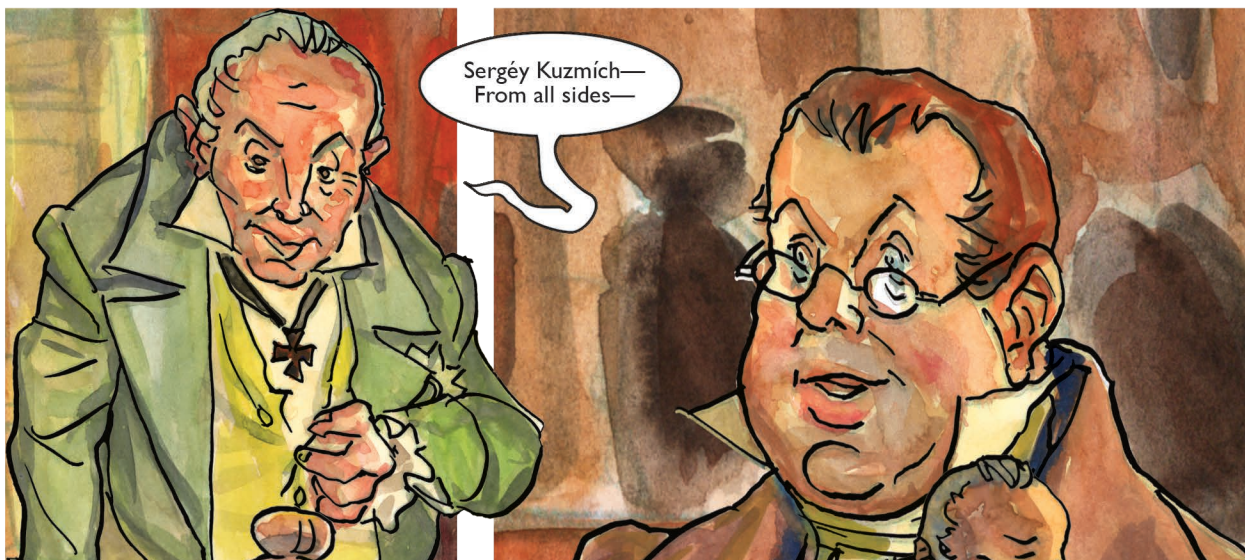


And what nonsense all this is that I am saying!
The happy faces of the lovers—
that's happiness!















All this had
to be and could not be otherwise.





The field of Austerlitz
Pratzen Heights.

Brothers!
All's lost!



Onward!

Why should I envy them?
My chance is not lost, and maybe
I shall see the Emperor
immediately!



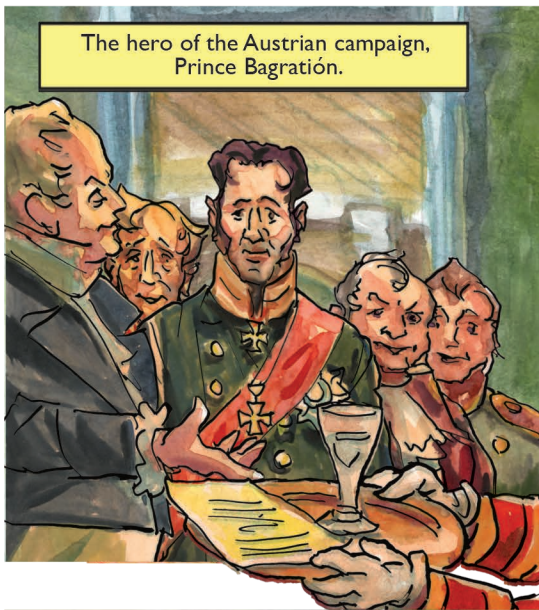




Russian Emperor Alexander I
near the field of Austerlitz.



The hero of the Austrian campaign,
Prince Bagration.



In the English Club nothing was said about the war.



Don't you hear
it's His Majesty
the Emperor's health?



That morning Pierre received an anonymous letter,
which he read poorly through his spectacles, that his wife's
connection with Dólokhov was a secret to no one but himself.



Here's to the health
of lovely women,
Peterkin—and their lovers!





The footman, who was distributing leaflets with Kutúzov's cantata, laid one before Pierre as one of the principal guests.

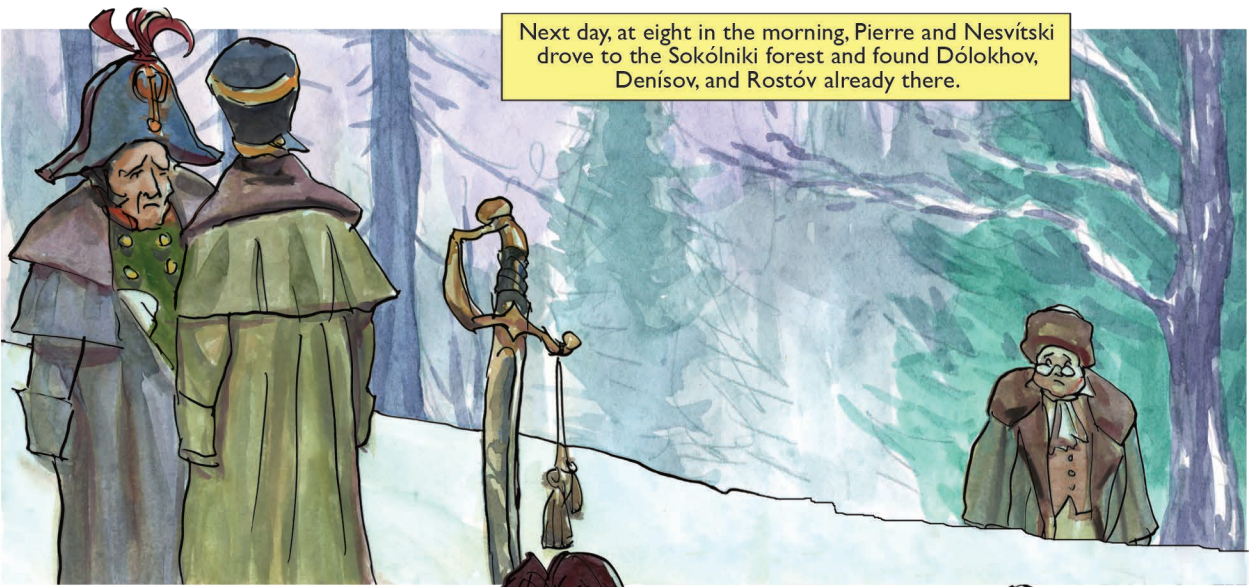


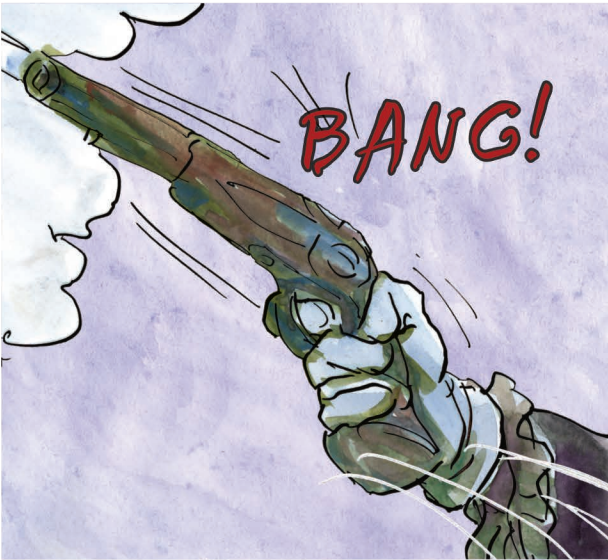
How dare you take it?!



You...!
You... scoundrel!
I challenge
you!

Next day, at eight in the morning, Pierre and Nesvitski drove to the Sokólniki forest and found Dólokhov, Denísov, and Rostóv already there.

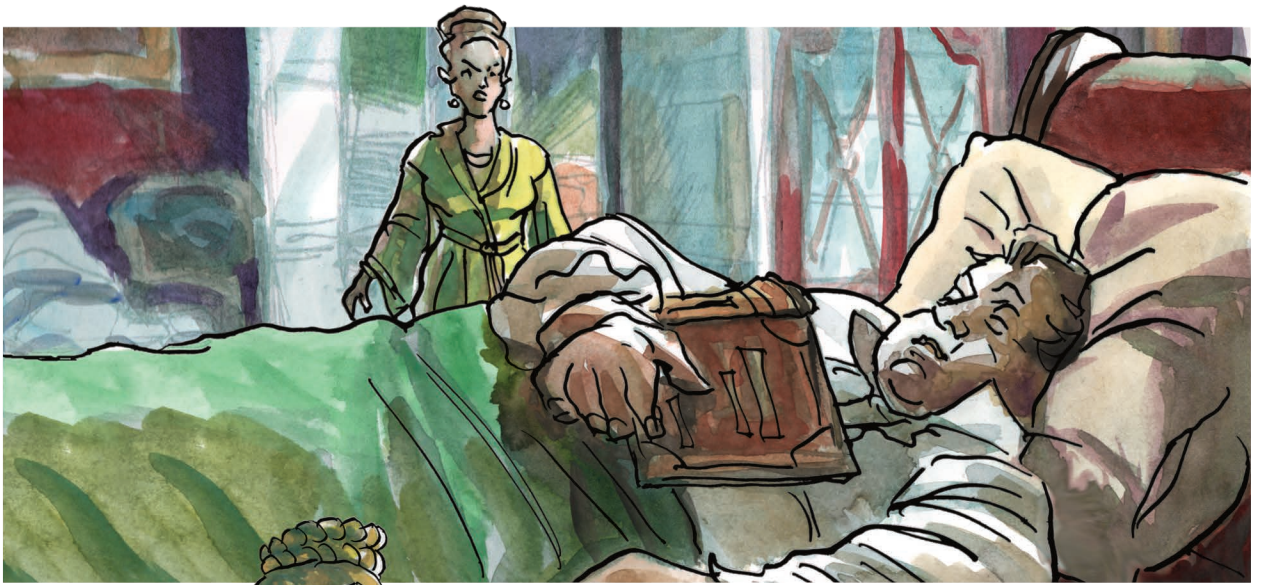






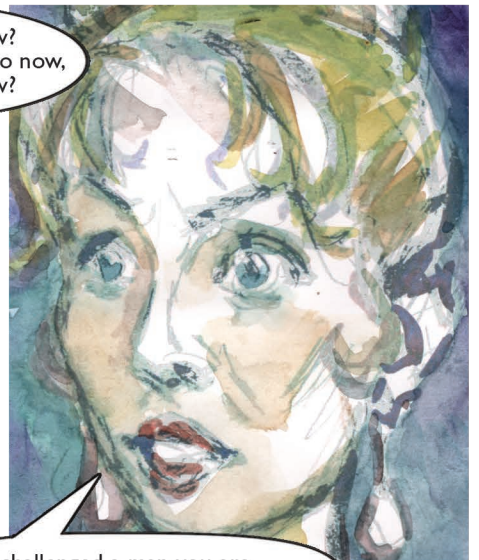
When he had become a little quieter, Dólokhov begged Rostóv to go and prepare his mother, who, if she saw him so gravely injured, would not survive it.





Well, what's this now?
What have you been up to now,
I should like to know?

!?
What have !?

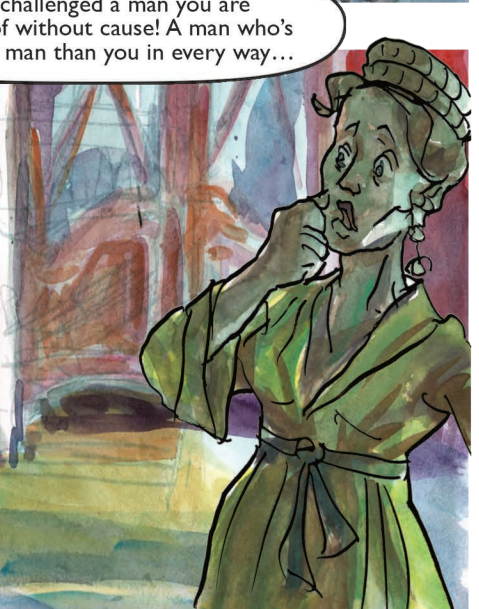


You challenged a man you are
jealous of without cause! A man who's
a better man than you in every way...



Get out!

I'll kill you!





Meanwhile, Prince Andrew's wife, Lise, went into labor.

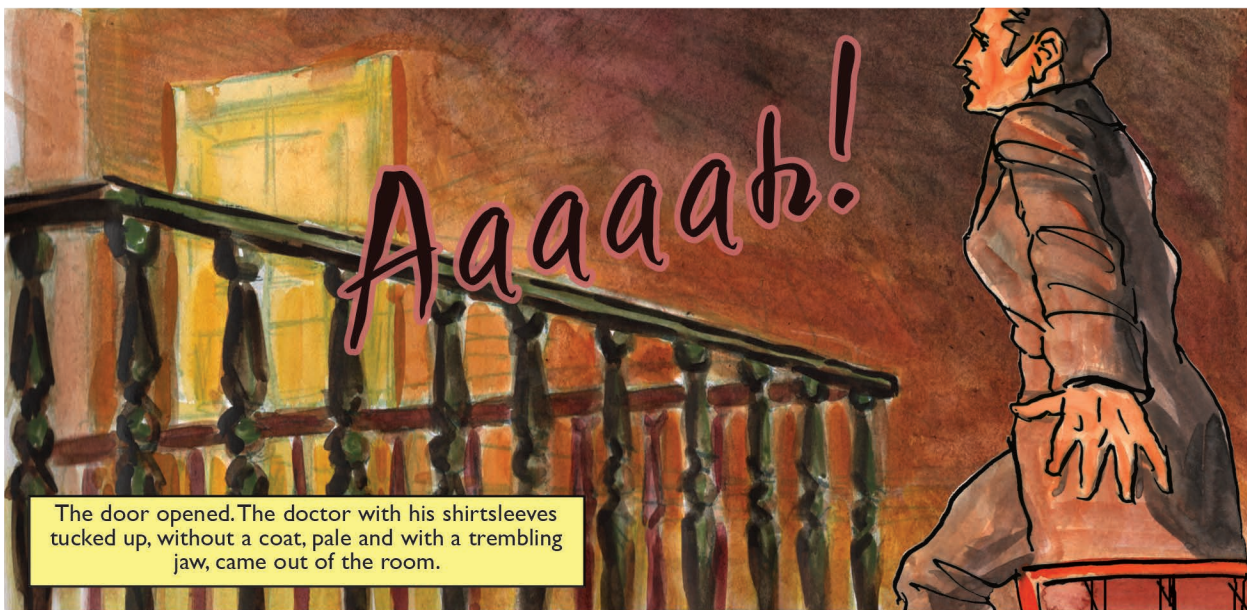
Who is driving up the avenue?

Is it the doctor? It's Andrew!

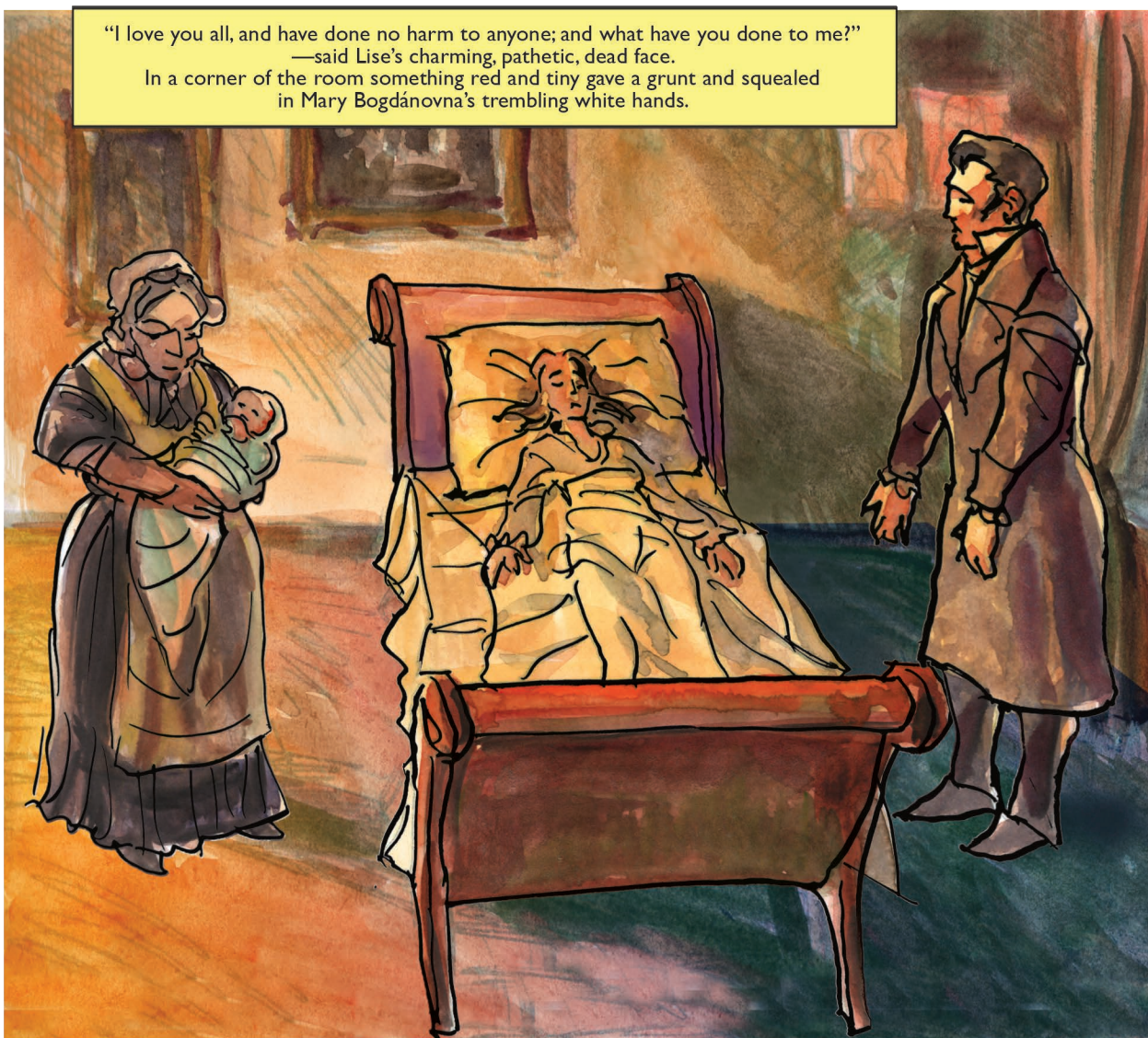


What a strange fate!


Gone to bed.



The door opened. The doctor with his shirtsleeves tucked up, without a coat, pale and with a trembling jaw, came out of the room.



"I love you all, and have done no harm to anyone; and what have you done to me?"
—said Lise's charming, pathetic, dead face.
In a corner of the room something red and tiny gave a grunt and squealed
in Mary Bogdánovna's trembling white hands.



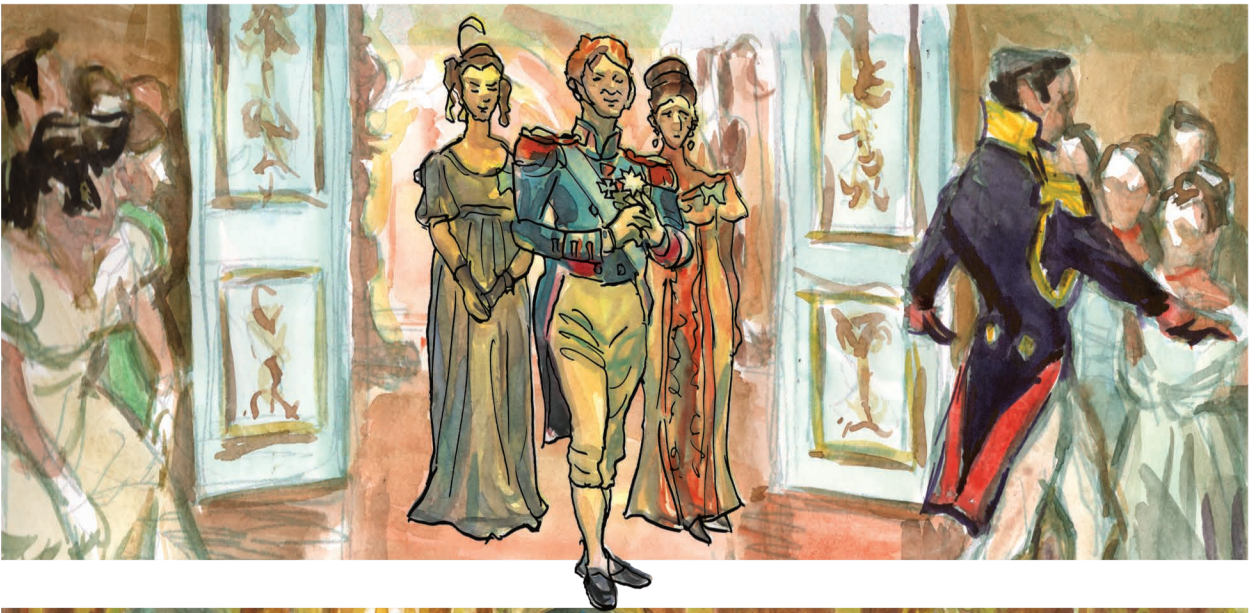
On New Year's Eve, 1809, an old
grandee of Catherine's day was giving a ball and midnight supper.

Márya Ignátevna Perónskaya, a thin and shallow maid of honor at the court of the Dowager Empress, who was a friend and relation of the countess and piloted the provincial Rostóvs in Petersburg high society, was to accompany them to the ball.

Ah, here she is,
the Queen of Petersburg.
Countess Bezúkhova.

How lovely!
She is quite equal to Márya Antónovna.
See how the men, young and old, pay court to her.
Beautiful and clever... they say Prince
is quite mad about her.

And that stout one in spectacles
is the universal Freemason.
Put him beside his wife and he looks
a regular buffoon!





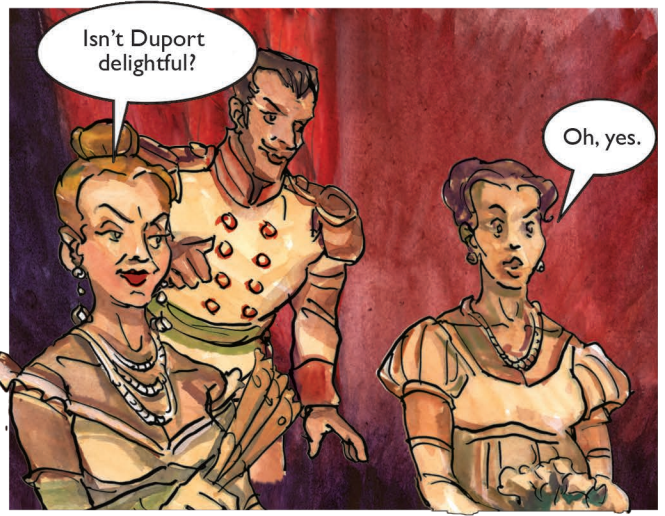
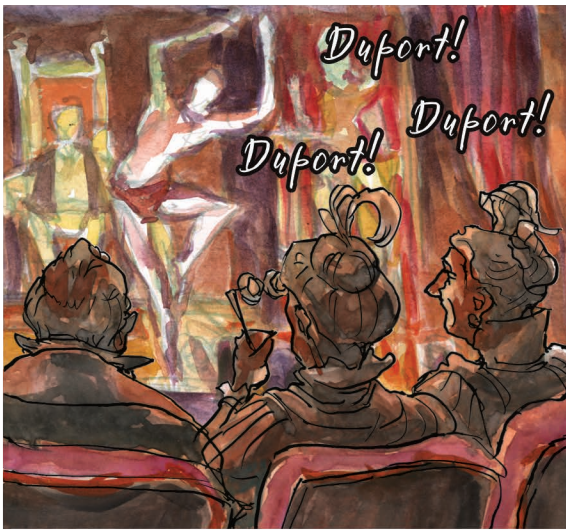
You always dance.
I have a protégée,
the young Rostóva, here.
Ask her.

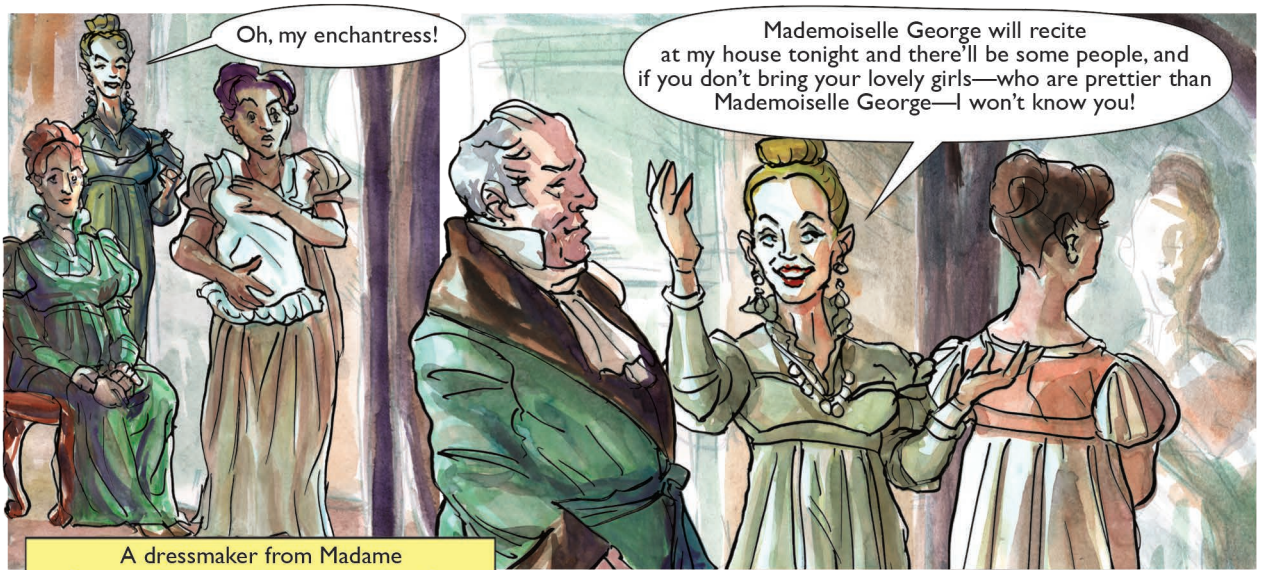


Where is she?
Excuse me! We will finish
this conversation elsewhere—
at a ball one must dance.









Oh, my enchantress!

Mademoiselle George will recite at my house tonight and there'll be some people, and if you don't bring your lovely girls—who are prettier than Mademoiselle George—I won't know you!

A dressmaker from Madame Support-Roguet waited on the Rostóvs.



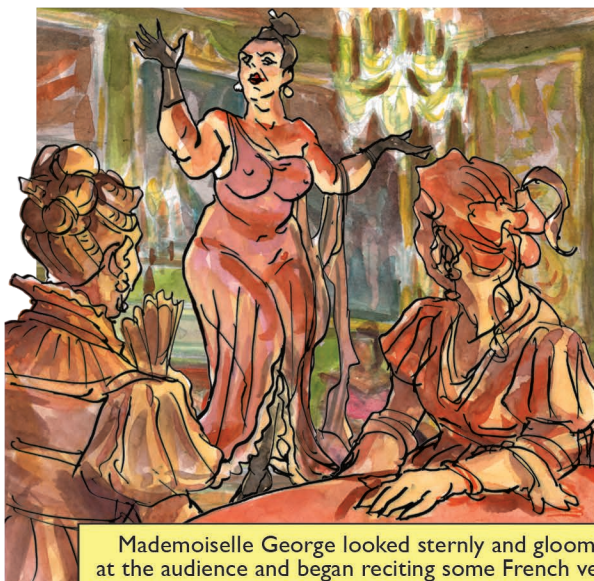
But anything suits you, my charmer!

My brother dined with me yesterday—he ate nothing and kept sighing for you, my charmer!

Even if you are engaged, I am sure your fiancé would wish you to go into society rather than be bored to death.



I don't care to have anything to do with Hélène Bezúkhova and don't advise you to; however, if you've promised—go. It will divert your thoughts.



Mademoiselle George looked sternly and gloomily at the audience and began reciting some French verses describing her guilty love for her son.





But she doesn't like me.



My advice to you is finish your business and go back home to Otrádnœ... and wait there.

Oh, no!

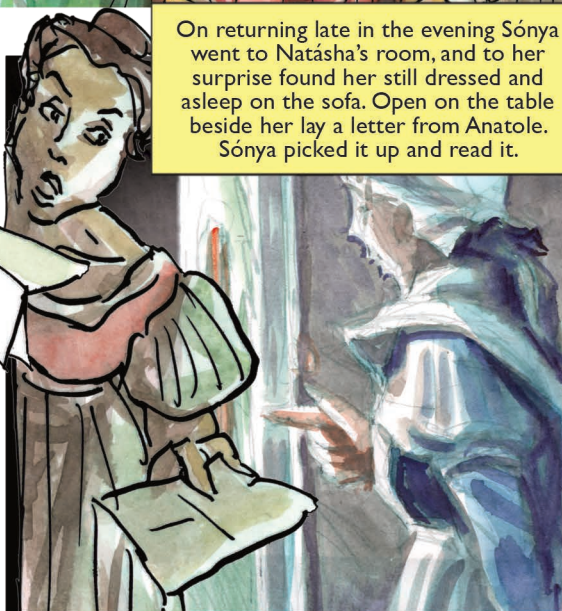
And I am sorry I went to see him and took her.

Natásha receives a letter sent to her from Princess Mary.



Don't talk nonsense!

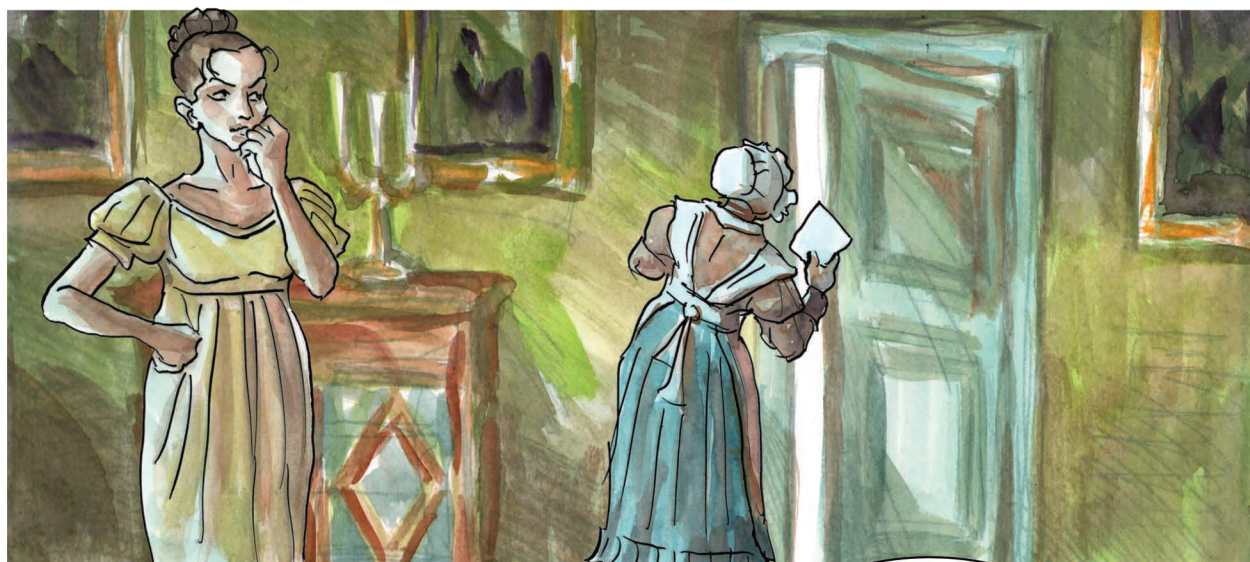
What I say is true! Write an answer!



On returning late in the evening Sónya went to Natásha's room, and to her surprise found her still dressed and asleep on the sofa. Open on the table beside her lay a letter from Anatole. Sónya picked it up and read it.



Love letter...



She
will run away
with him!



Another letter
was delivered.



If I don't sleep
for three nights, I'll not leave
this passage and will hold her
back by force and will and not
let the family be disgraced.



A relay of horses waited at
Kámenka to take Natásha and
Anatole to the Warsaw highroad.
From there, they would hasten
abroad to elope.





Márya Dmitrievna feared that the count or Bolkónski would arrive at any moment, for if they learned of the attempted elopement, they might challenge Anatole to a duel. Therefore, she asked Pierre to tell his brother-in-law to leave Moscow.







You're a scoundrel and a blackguard, and I don't know what deprives me from the pleasure of smashing your head with this!



Have you any letters of hers? Any letters?



I shan't be violent; don't be afraid!



Don't you understand that it is as mean as beating an old man or a child?

Though it was tête-à-tête, still I can't...



Oh, vile and heartless brood!

Early in the morning of the twelfth of June, Napoleon came out of his tent, which was pitched that day on the steep left bank of the Niemen, and looked through a spyglass at the streams of his troops pouring out of the Vilkaviskis forest and flowing over the three bridges thrown across the river.



The French army.



The crossing of Niemen.

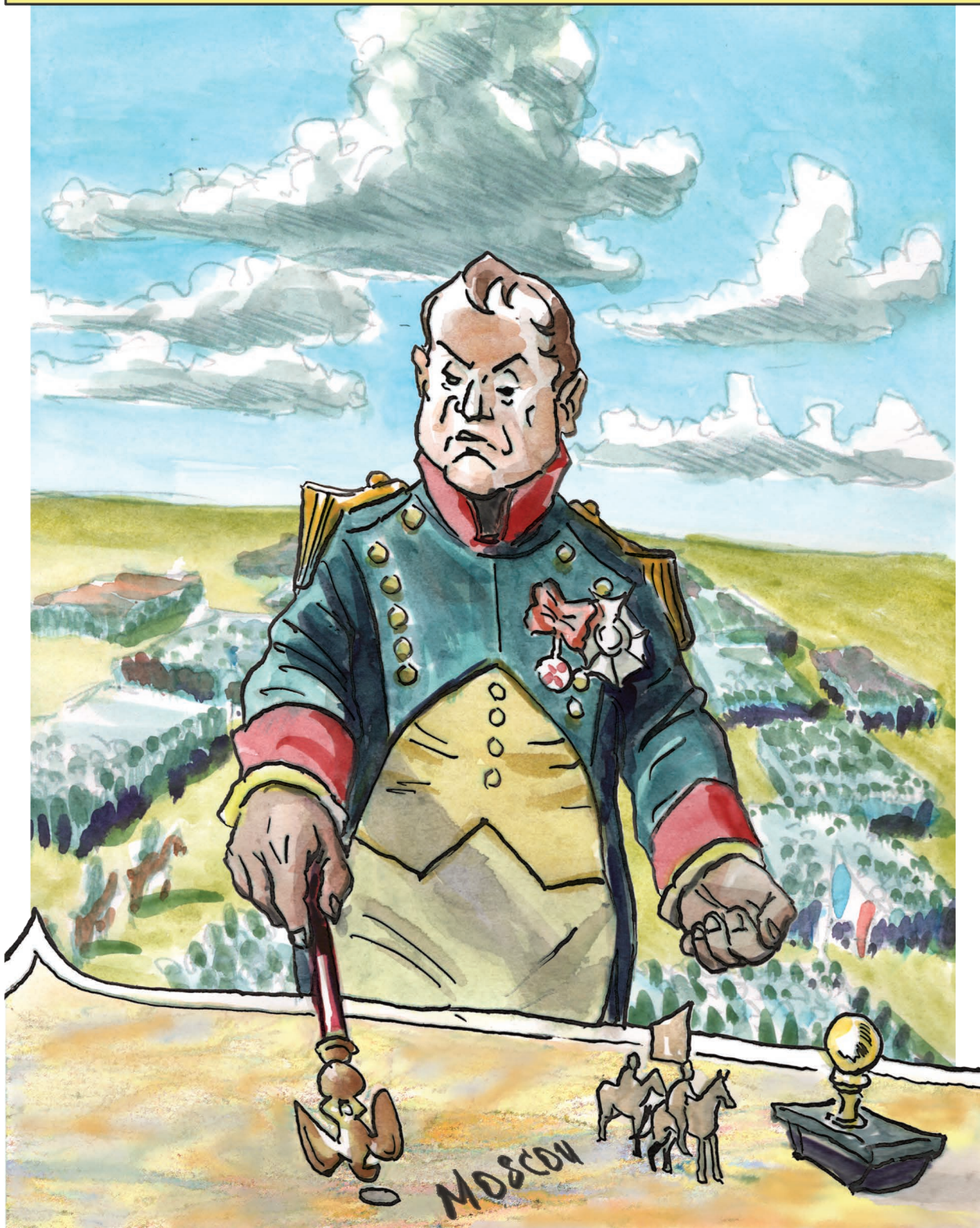


Cabinet of
Emperor Alexander I.

At two in the morning of the fourteenth of June, the Emperor, having sent for Balashëv and read him his letter to Napoleon, ordered him to hand it personally to the French Emperor.



Of 400,000 who crossed the Vistula, half were Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Poles, Bavarians, Württembergers, Mecklenburgers, Spaniards, Italians, and Neapolitans. The Imperial Army, strictly speaking, was one third composed of Dutch, Belgians, men from the borders of the Rhine, Piedmontese, Swiss, Genevese, Tuscans, Romans, inhabitants of the Thirty-second Military Division, of Bremen, of Hamburg, and so on. It included scarcely 140,000 who spoke French.



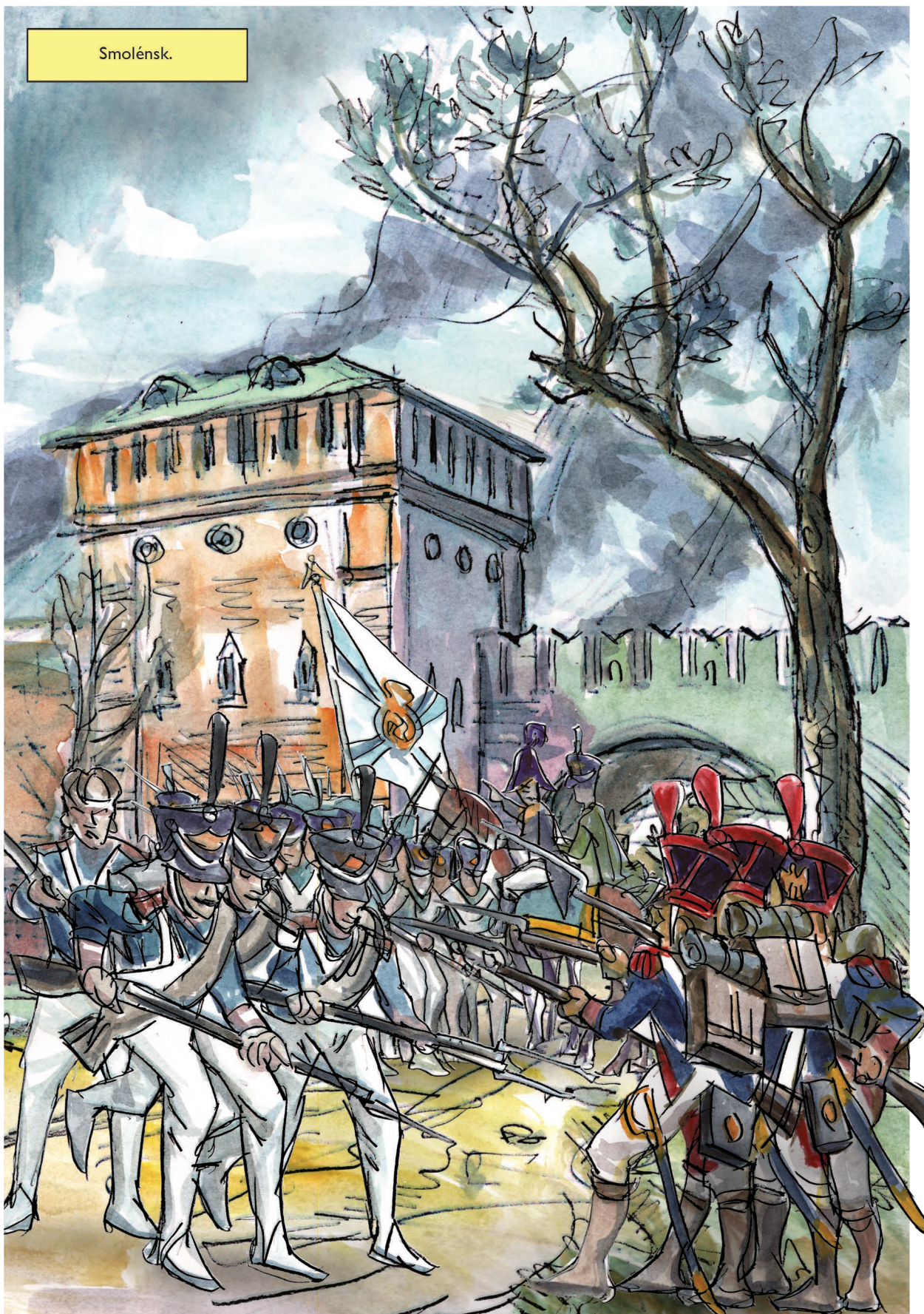
The French army pushed on to Moscow, its goal,
its impetus ever increasing as it neared its aim.



Bombardment of Smolensk,
250 miles to Moscow.




Smolénsk.



Mozháysk and the old Smolénsk road—
sixty-two miles to Moscow.





Emperor Napoleon,
forty-two years.
The threshold of Napoleon's
power came in 1812...

To Pierre, who had become more deeply involved in Freemasonry, a Masonic brother revealed a prophecy derived from the Apocalypse of John the Evangelist.



Bald Hills, Prince Nicholas Bolkónski's estate, lay forty miles east from Smolénsk and two miles from the main road to Moscow.

Oh-h-h! Dear souls, dear kind souls! Don't let me die! My good souls!

Princess Mary was advised to send a letter by Alpátych to the Provincial Governor at Smolénsk, asking him to let her know the state of affairs and the extent of the danger to which Bald Hills was exposed.



Alpátych!



Why are you here?

Are we really quite lost, your excellency?



Smolénsk is being abandoned. Bald Hills will be occupied by the enemy within a week. Set off immediately for Moscow.

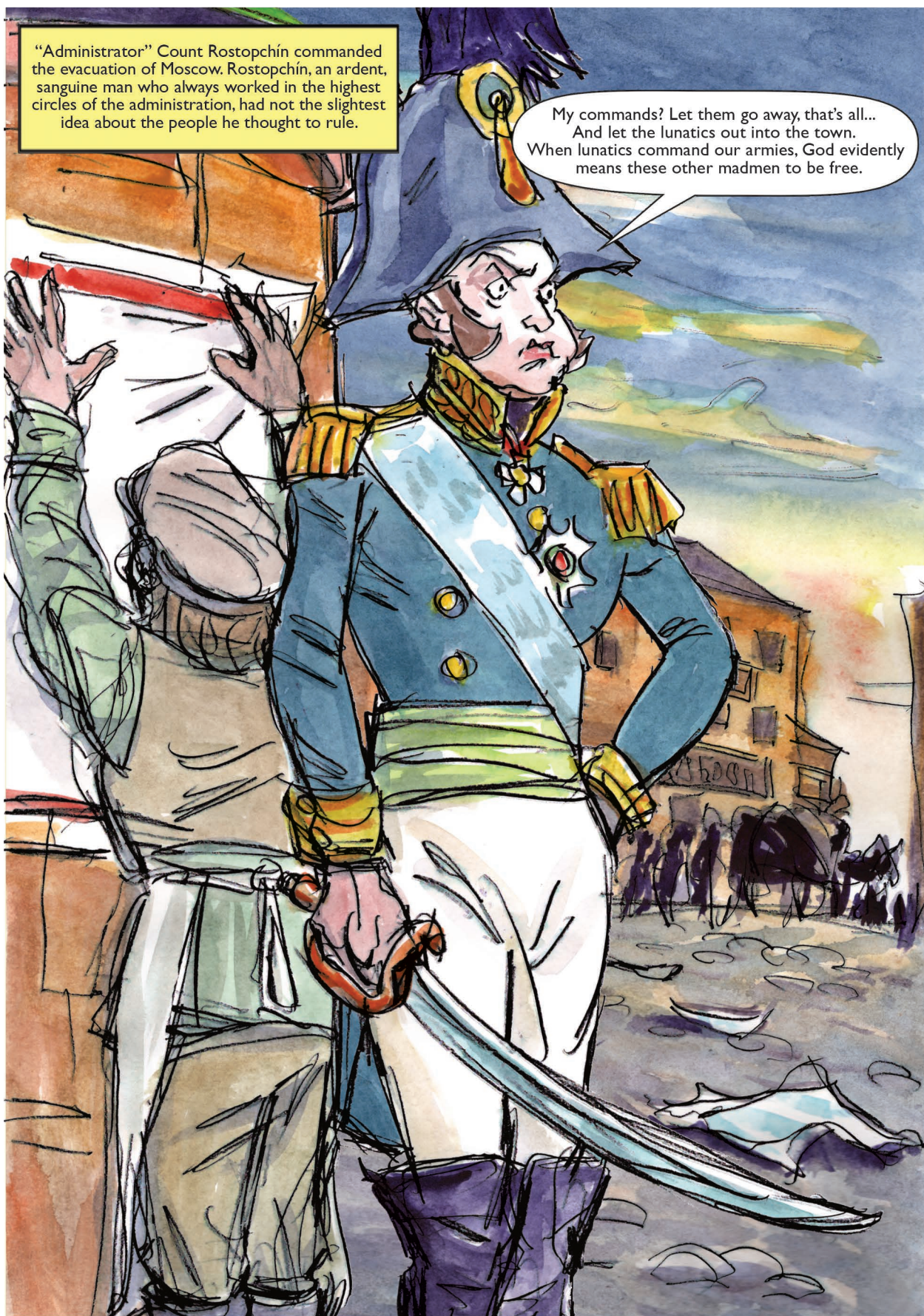
It was becoming more and more dangerous to remain at Bald Hills and next day they moved the prince to Boguchárovo, the doctor accompanying him. The old Prince died before they could evacuate.

No, he's not dead—
it's impossible!



"Administrator" Count Rostopchín commanded the evacuation of Moscow. Rostopchín, an ardent, sanguine man who always worked in the highest circles of the administration, had not the slightest idea about the people he thought to rule.

My commands? Let them go away, that's all...
And let the lunatics out into the town.
When lunatics command our armies, God evidently means these other madmen to be free.



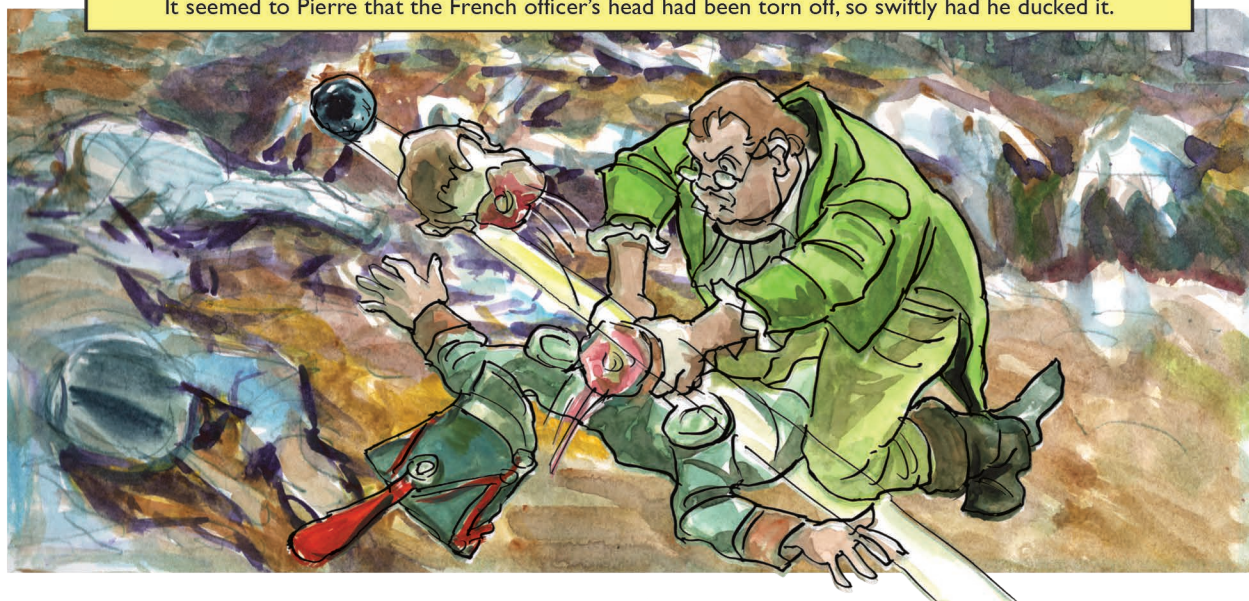
More and more patriotic volunteers began to join the people's militia as the war with the French overran the country.







It seemed to Pierre that the French officer's head had been torn off, so swiftly had he ducked it.



On August 24, 1812, Napoleon did not see the troops of the Russian army from Utitsa to Borodinó, but accidentally “stumbled upon” the Shevardinsky redoubt, where he had to start a battle. On August 26, the Battle of Borodinó took place.



Cavalry attack.







Can this be death?



Lie down!



Prince Andrew Bolkónski
was mortally wounded.

Dying in the hospital,
Andrew Bolkónski sees the groaning
Anatole Kurágin,
whose leg was amputated.

Oh! Oh, ooh!

My God!
What is this?
Why is he here?



Moscow, Súkharev Tower.



Dear me!
Mamma, Sónya,
look, it's him!



Who?

Look! Yes, on my word,
it's Bezúkhov!







On the evening
of August 26
in Fili.



Despite the strong feeling that had arisen in all ranks,
the circumstances compelled them to retire beyond Moscow.
After one more day's march, they abandoned Moscow to the enemy.



Moscow is empty...

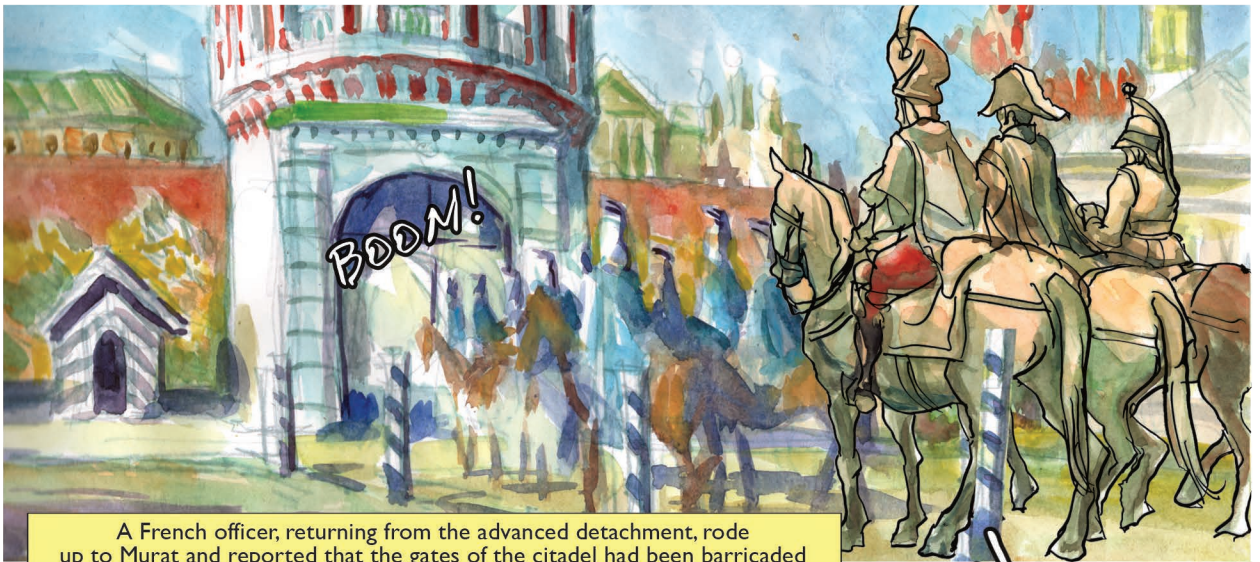


Here it is
at last, that famous city.
It was high time.



There was a single report of a signaling gun, and the troops, who were already spread out on different sides of Moscow, moved into the city through the Tver, Kalúga, and Dorogomílov gates.

Is it far
to the Krémelin?



A French officer, returning from the advanced detachment, rode up to Murat and reported that the gates of the citadel had been barricaded and that there was probably an ambush there.



Move four light guns forward to fire at the gates.





The French army looted the city.



The remaining citizens
began to leave
and set fire to their own
and neighboring houses.









Pierre had to remain in Moscow, concealing his name, and meet Napoleon and kill him. He would either perish or put an end to the misery of Europe—which it seemed to him was solely due to Napoleon.

Makár Alexéevich, the late Mason's brother, who was obviously drunk, saw the pistol on the table and snatched it, then ran out into the corridor.



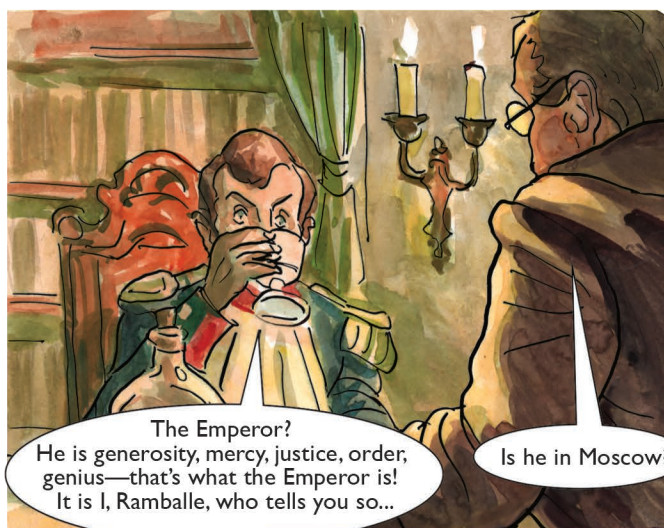
Brigand!
You shall pay for this!



He is an unfortunate
madman who did not know
what he was doing.



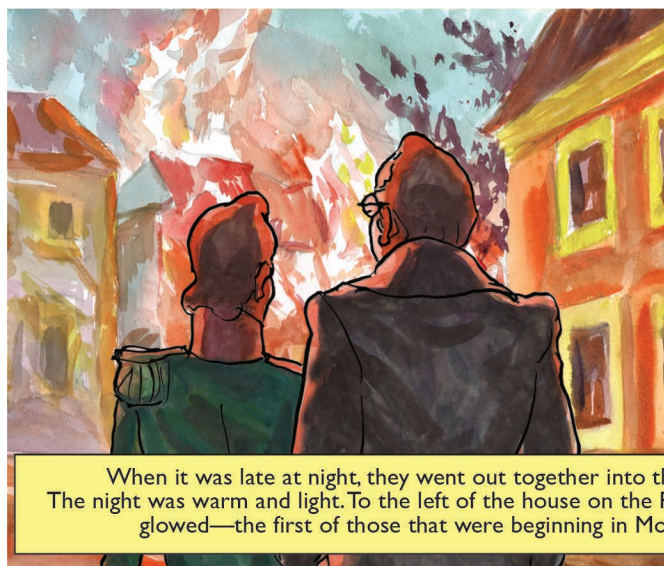




Their conversation was interrupted by the cries of several voices at the gate and by Morel. Some Württemberg hussars had come and wanted to put up their horses in the yard where the captain's horses were. This difficulty had arisen chiefly because the hussars did not understand what was said to them in French.



Shelter?
The German for shelter is Unterkunft.



Fire of Moscow.





Napoleon on the Red Square.





Having tied a girdle over his coat and pulled his cap low on his head, Pierre went down the corridor, trying to avoid making a noise or meeting the captain, and passed out into the street.



Does not he know French?

As Pierre approached Povarskóy, the smoke became denser and denser—he even felt the heat of the fire.



My girl...
My daughter! My youngest
daughter is left behind. She's
burned! Ooh! Was it for this I
nursed you... Ooh!

Show me the way,
show me, I... I'll do it.



When they reached a gravel path behind the house, the Frenchman pulled Pierre by the arm and pointed to a round, graveled space where a three-year-old girl in a pink dress was lying under a seat.







The New Convent
of the Virgin.



From Prince Shcherbátov's house, the prisoners were led straight down the Virgin's Field, to the left of the nunnery, as far as a kitchen garden in which a post had been set up.

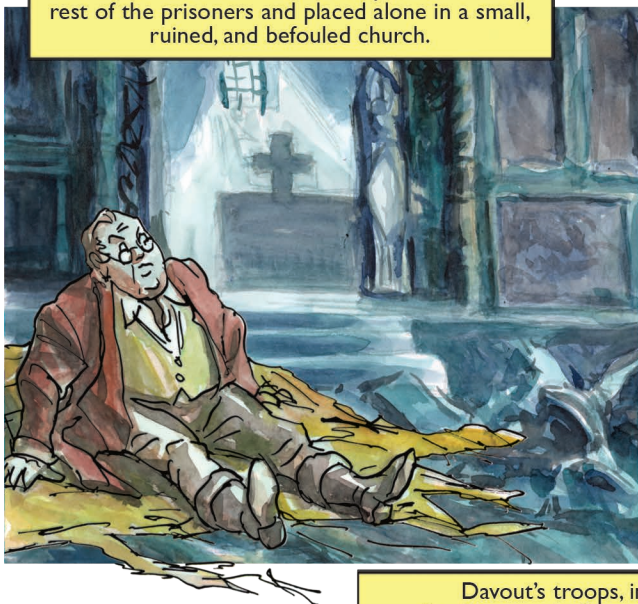




That will teach them to start fires.

Platón Karatáev must have been fifty, judging by his stories of campaigns he had been in, told as by an old soldier.

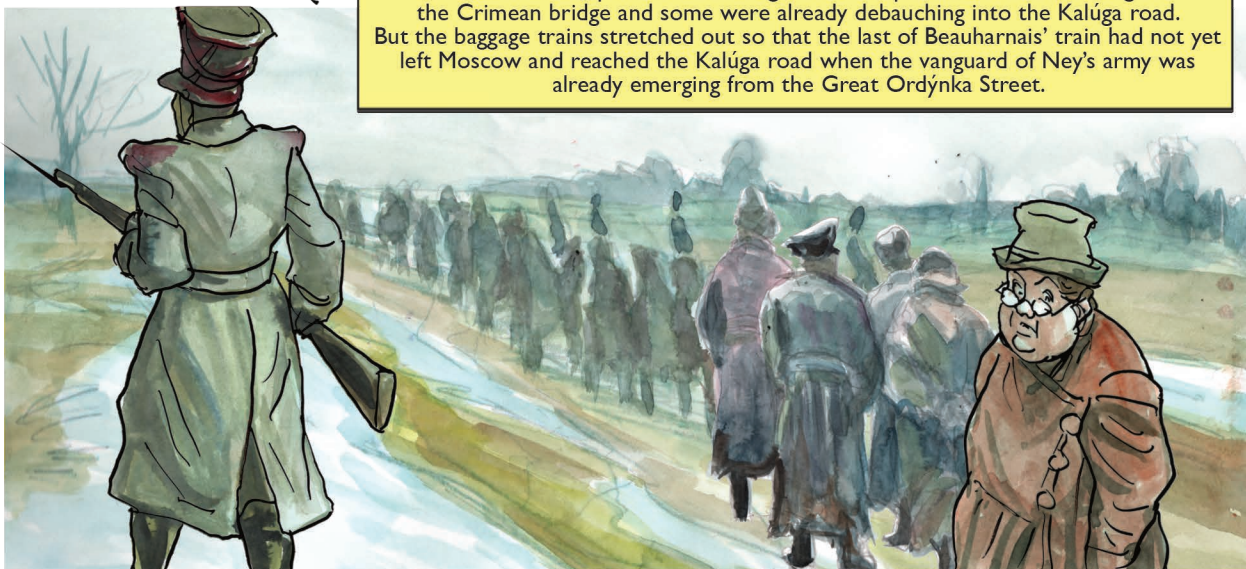
After the execution, Pierre was separated from the rest of the prisoners and placed alone in a small, ruined, and befouled church.



Here, eat a bit, sir.

My name is Platón, and the surname is Karatáev.

Davout's troops, in whose charge were the prisoners, were crossing the Crimean bridge and some were already debauching into the Kalúga road. But the baggage trains stretched out so that the last of Beauharnais' train had not yet left Moscow and reached the Kalúga road when the vanguard of Ney's army was already emerging from the Great Ordýnka Street.





In the fighting,
Pétya Rostov is killed.

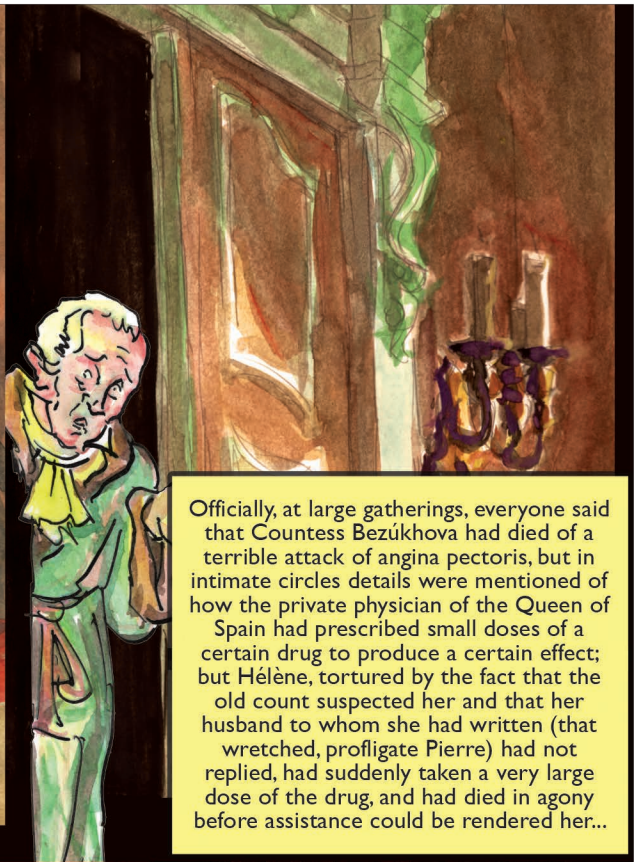


The French army is
finally forced to retreat.

Liberation.
The retreat of the French army.







Officially, at large gatherings, everyone said that Countess Bezúkhova had died of a terrible attack of angina pectoris, but in intimate circles details were mentioned of how the private physician of the Queen of Spain had prescribed small doses of a certain drug to produce a certain effect; but Hélène, tortured by the fact that the old count suspected her and that her husband to whom she had written (that wretched, profligate Pierre) had not replied, had suddenly taken a very large dose of the drug, and had died in agony before assistance could be rendered her...



Kutúzov leads the Russian troops to victory against the French forces and retakes Moscow.







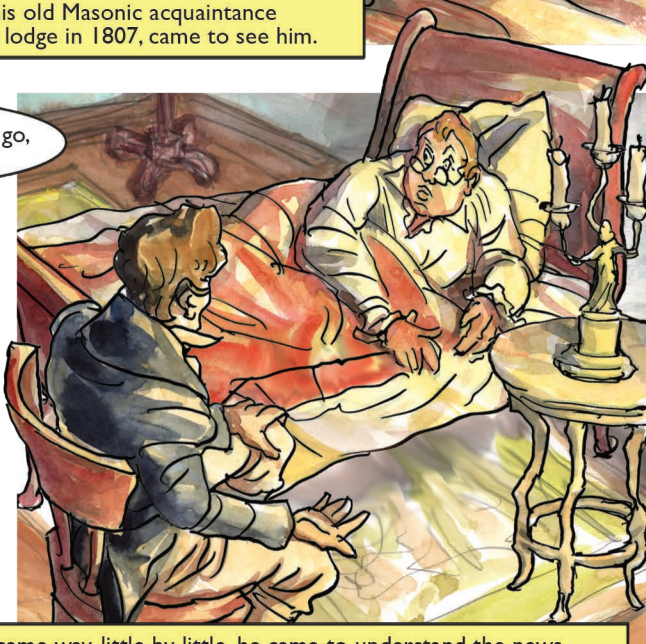
After being liberated from the French, Pierre falls ill for several months. During his convalescence, there was a new feature in Pierre, which gained for him the general goodwill. This was his recognition of the possibility of everyone thinking, feeling, and seeing things each from his own point of view.



During the last days of Pierre's stay in Orël, his old Masonic acquaintance Count Willarski, who had introduced him to the lodge in 1807, came to see him.



You are letting yourself go, my dear fellow.



In the same way, little by little, he came to understand the news he had been told after his rescue, about the death of Prince Andrew, the death of his wife, and the destruction of the French.



The ignorance and poverty of Russia and its backwardness compared with Europe.



During his stay in Orël, Pierre experienced a feeling of joy, freedom, and new life.



Pierre drove up to the house of the old Prince Bolkónski in a most serious mood. The house had escaped the fire; it showed signs of damage, but its general aspect was unchanged.



Announce me.
Perhaps she will see me.

Yes, sir.
Please step into the
portrait gallery.



This is one
of my companions.



Do you really
not recognize her?

But no,
it can't be!

Natasha!



No, it's only
the unexpectedness
of it...



Natasha had gone through a lot
and was no longer that young girl
she had been—the death of her
brother, the death of the fiancé...

Pierre and Natasha grew closer and eventually married. They left together for Petersburg and began again.





The END.

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